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# SMASH MICS

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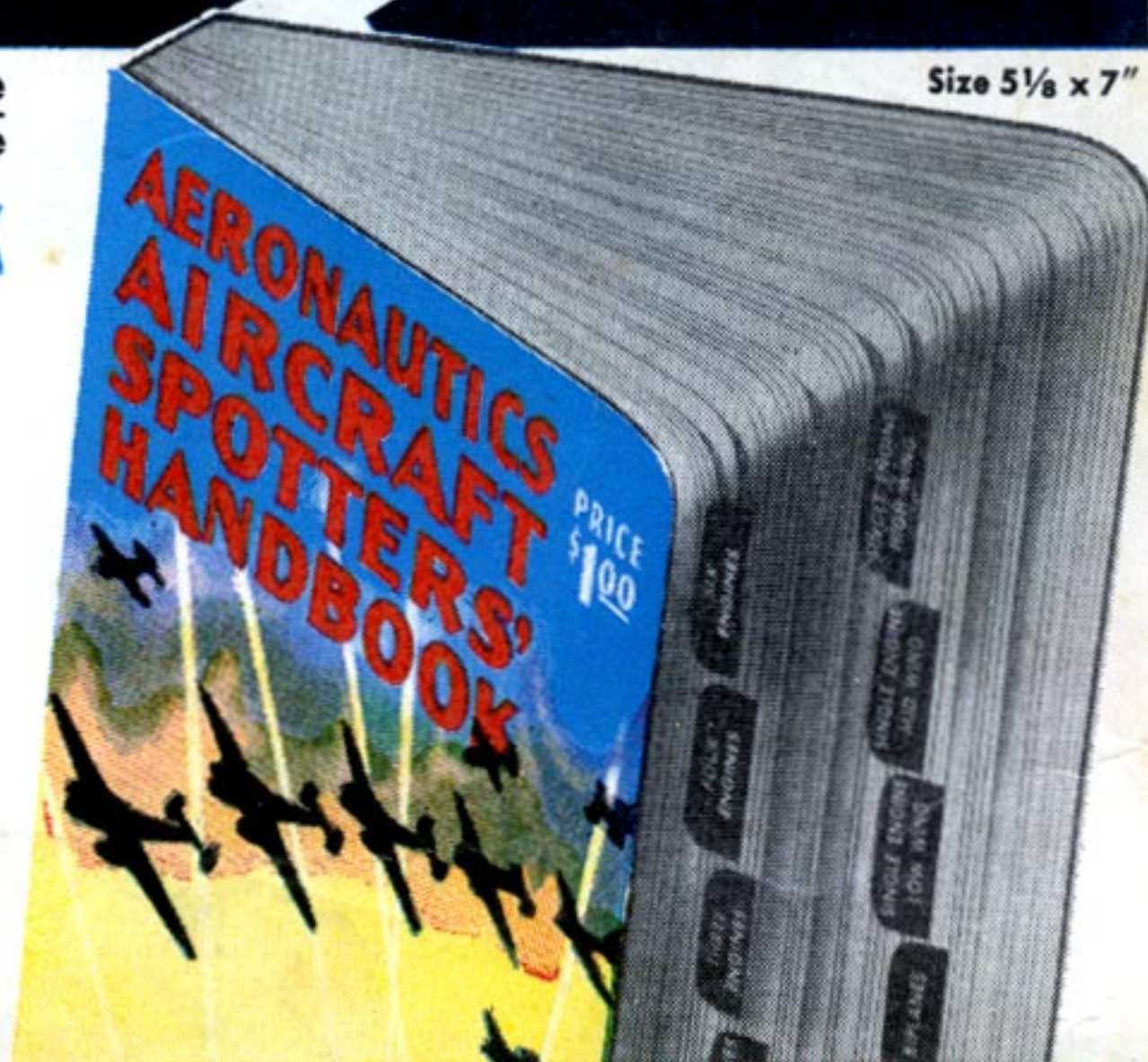
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### HOW THE 2-LINE FLASH IDENTIFICATION WORKS

Aeronautics Photo



Long-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.  
Twin Tail Booms. Rounded Tail Plane.

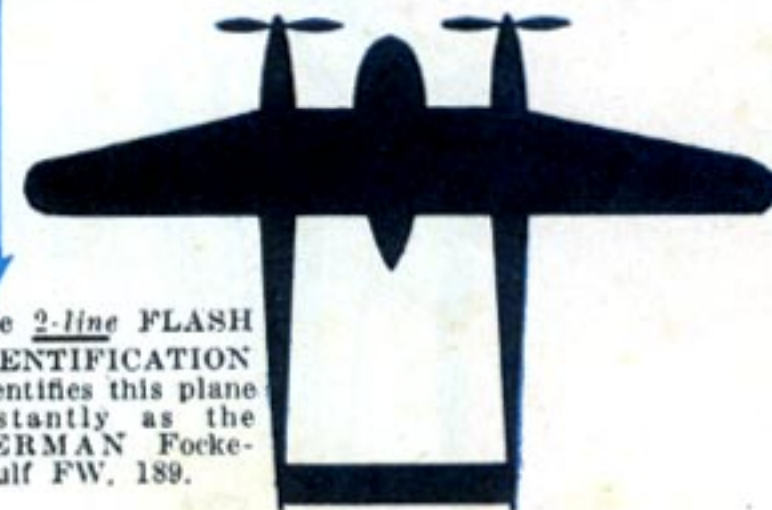


The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the AMERICAN Lockheed P-38 Lightning.

Airpix, Toronto



Short-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.  
Twin Tail Booms. Rectangular Tail Plane.



The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the GERMAN Focke-Wulf FW 189.



# Midnight

by  
Paul  
Gustavson

WEEEEHEE  
HEE HA HO HO

BOY! ... YOU'RE A  
CARD, DOC! -- TRYING  
TO TELL ME THAT  
THING'S FROM  
MARS -- AND  
ALIVE!



CA

FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT ...

EARTH-SHAKING THUNDER OF A MIGHTY ROCKET! ...

AND ANNOUNCER DAVE CLARK FINDS HIMSELF BROADCASTING THE

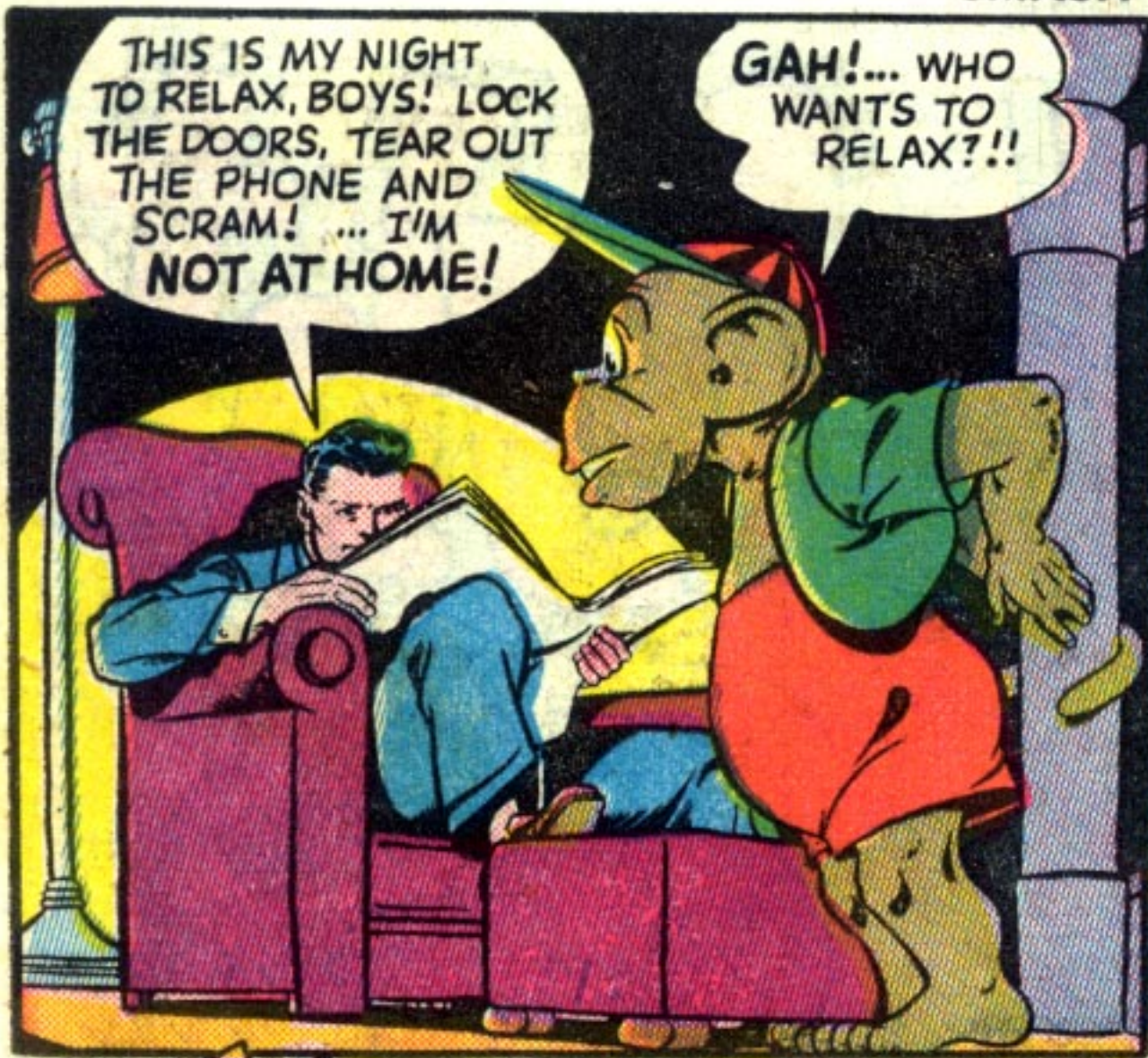
INCREDIBLE STORY OF INVADERS FROM MARS! BUT LISTENERS YAWNED AND REMARKED THAT

ORSON WELLES WAS LOOSE AGAIN ... UNTIL THE SINISTER FIGURE STALKED OUT IN DEVASTATING

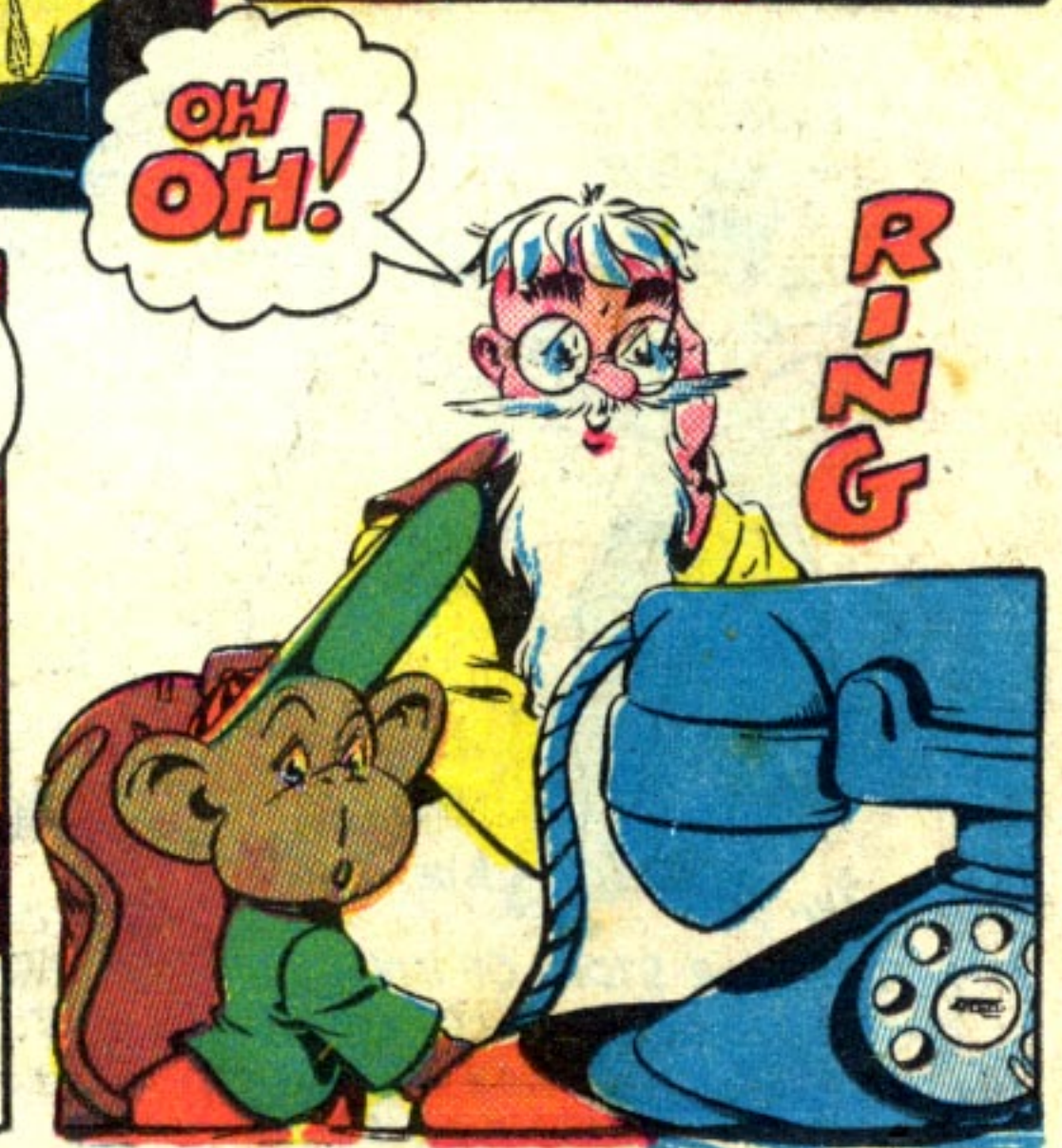
FURY!! THEN IT WAS MIDNIGHT, WITH HIS PALS, DOC WACKY AND GABBY, AGAINST THE

SINISTER MENACE FROM MARS -- OR SOMEPLACE ....

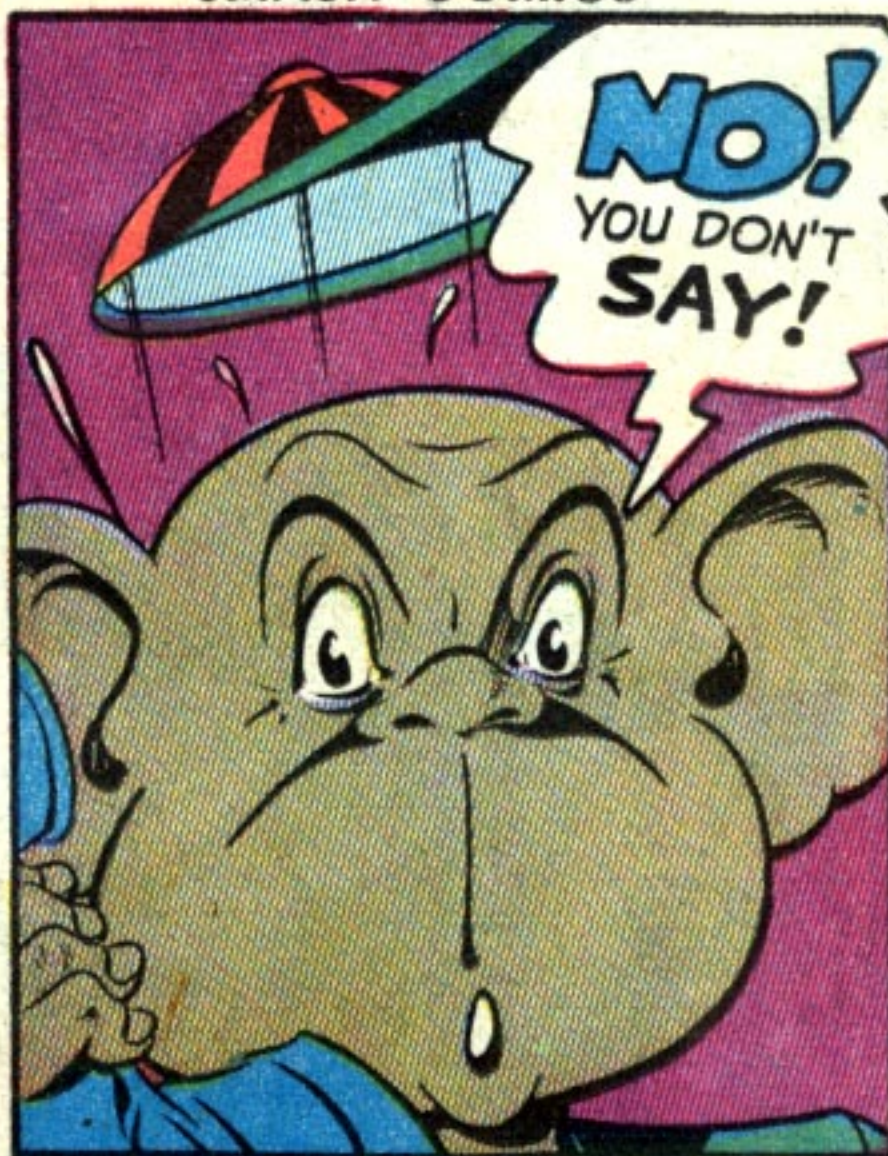




**R R R U M B L E**



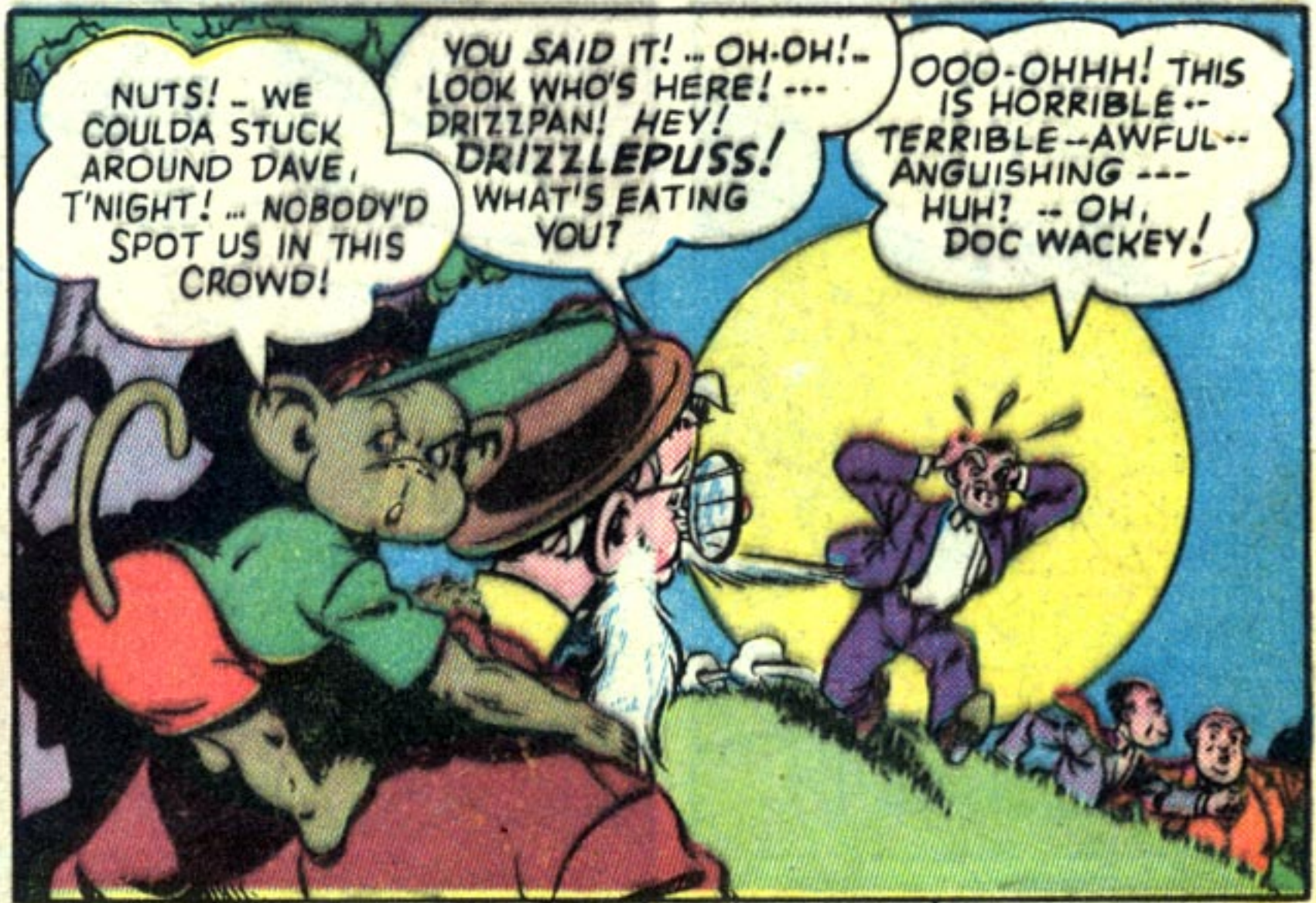








SO FAR, THE DOOR HASN'T OPENED, NOR HAVE ANY MARTIANS APPEARED! BUT THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT INSIDE THE ROCKET SHIP!



NUTS! - WE COULDA STUCK AROUND DAVE, T'NIGHT! ... NOBODY'D SPOT US IN THIS CROWD!

YOU SAID IT! ... OH-OH!- LOOK WHO'S HERE! --- DRIZZPAN! HEY! DRIZZLEPUSS! WHAT'S EATING YOU?

OOO-OHHH! THIS IS HORRIBLE-- TERRIBLE--AWFUL-- ANGUISHING --- HUH? -- OH, DOC WACKEY!



A THOUSAND PEOPLE ON MY PROPERTY ... HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO WORK ON MY GREAT INVENTIONS IN ELECTRICITY WITH ALL THIS CONFUSION GOING ON!

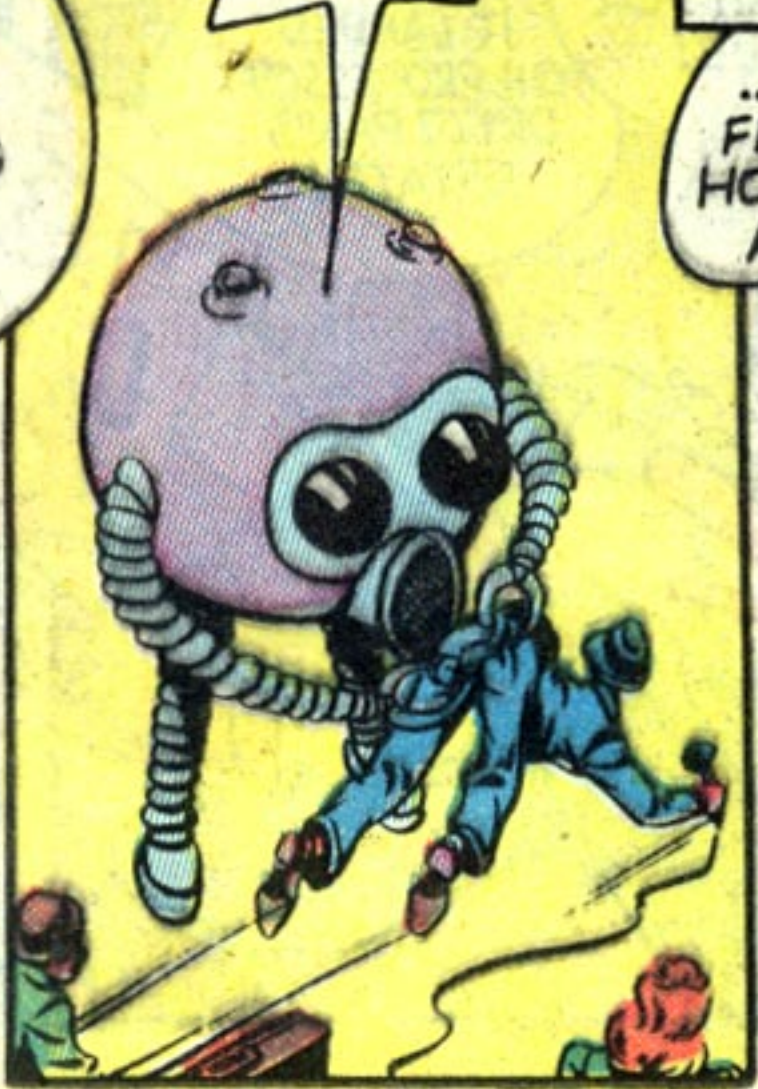
YOU--WORK?? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

WAIT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE DOOR IS OPENING! -- THEY'RE COMING OUT!



OGGLE-BOGGLE BOZUMPP YIK??

YEEOW! WHAT A MONSTROSITY! IT'S STARTING TO TALK -- GABBLING MARTIAN AT US! I HOPE IT'S FRIENDLY!



HEY!



...AND HOW I HOPE IT'S FRIENDLY! FOLKS! --IT'S HOLDING ME UP AS IF I WERE A NEW KIND OF INSECT!





GIBBLY  
ZIK??

FOLKS, THIS  
IS TERRIBLY  
EMBARRASSING!  
I --ER---

DID THAT  
CRITTER  
HURT YUH,  
DAVE?

WELL... HE DIDN'T  
EXACTLY  
HURT ME,  
BUT---

FER  
GOSH  
SAKES--

DAVE--  
ARE YOU  
ALL  
RIGHT?

LOOK!... THE BLUE  
RAY JUST TOUCHED  
DRIZZPAN'S WOOD-  
SHED --AND LOOK  
AT IT **BURN!**

THE OTHERS ARE  
GRABBING PEOPLE!  
THIS IS A JOB FOR  
**MIDNIGHT!**... EVEN  
IF **DAVE CLARK**  
GETS FIRED!



BUT THE MONSTER  
TORE THE SEAT OUT  
OF **MIDNIGHT'S**  
PANTS, TOO!

HMMM!...  
JUST A  
SECOND!  
I'LL FIX  
THAT!

**ROBBER! THIEF!**  
**PANTS SNATCHER!**  
YOU CAN'T DO  
THIS TO  
ME!

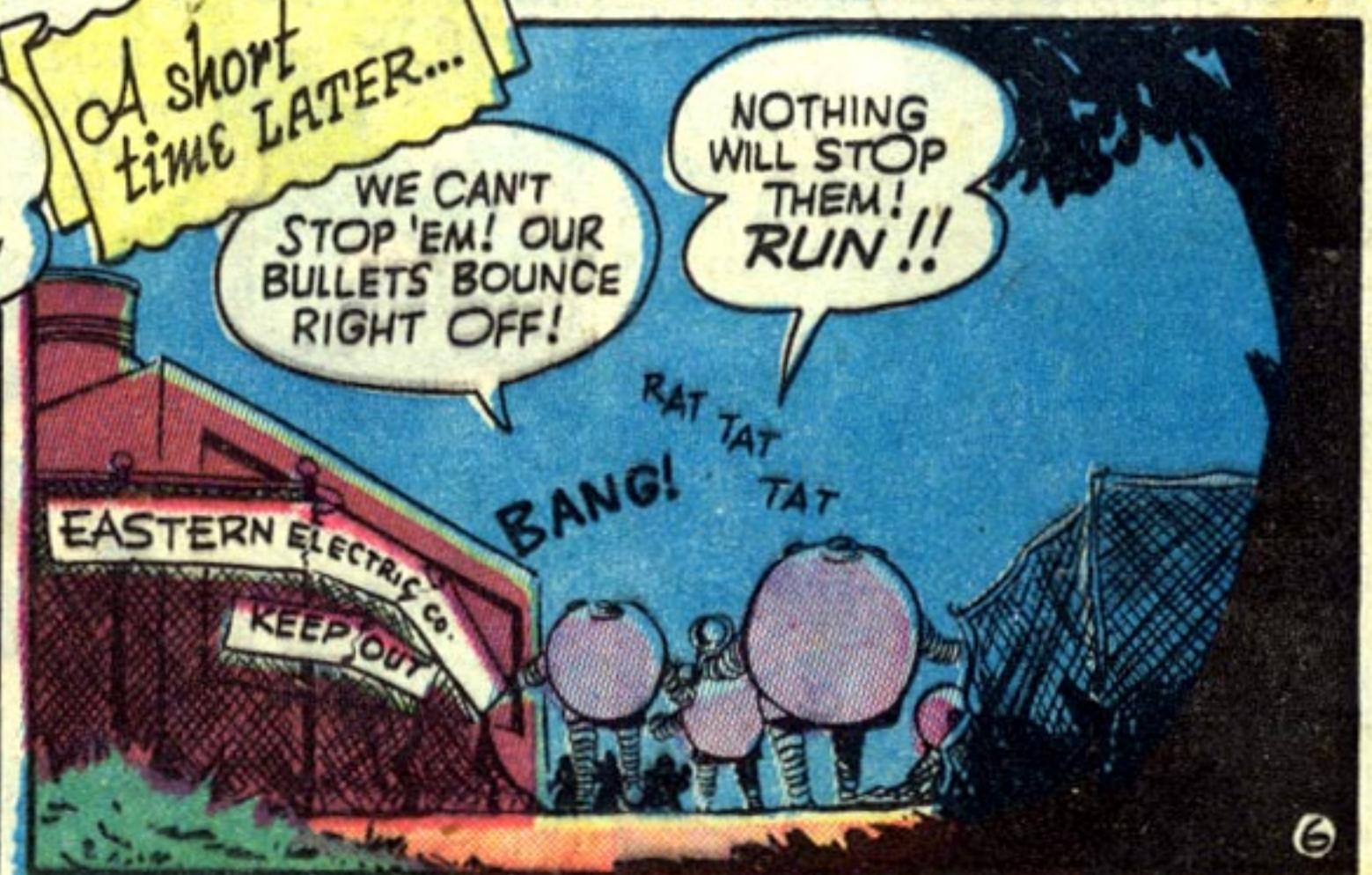
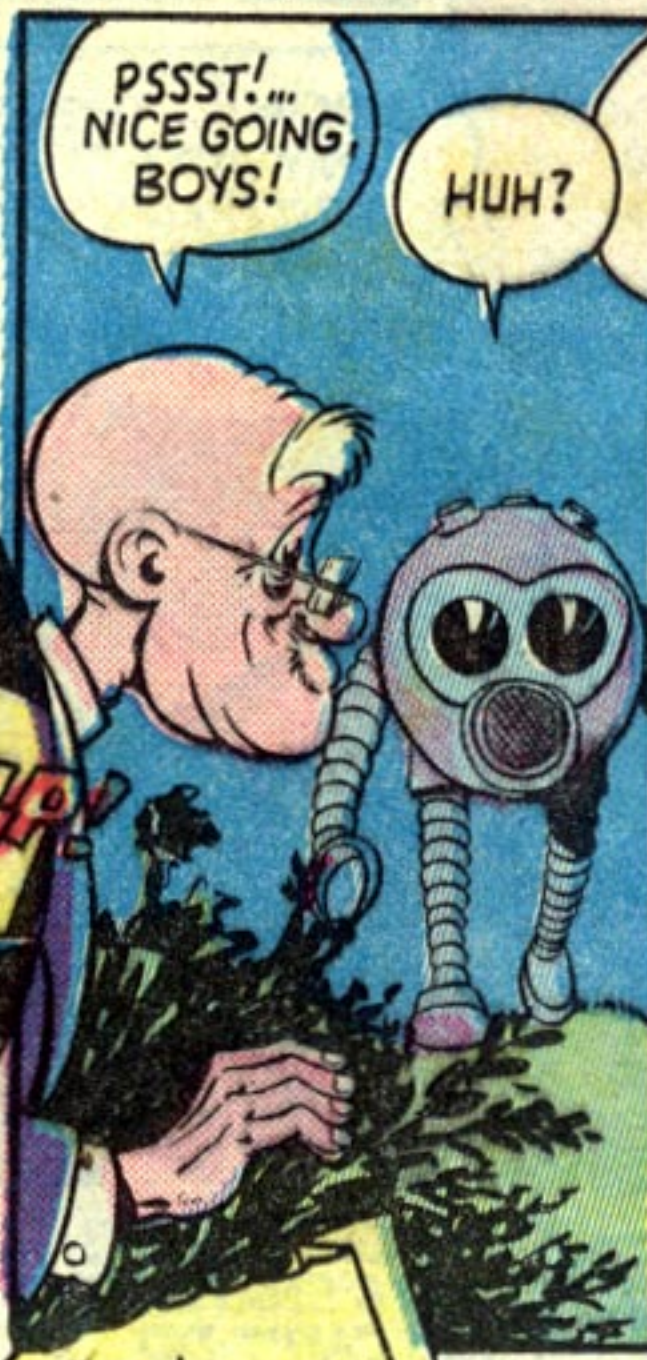
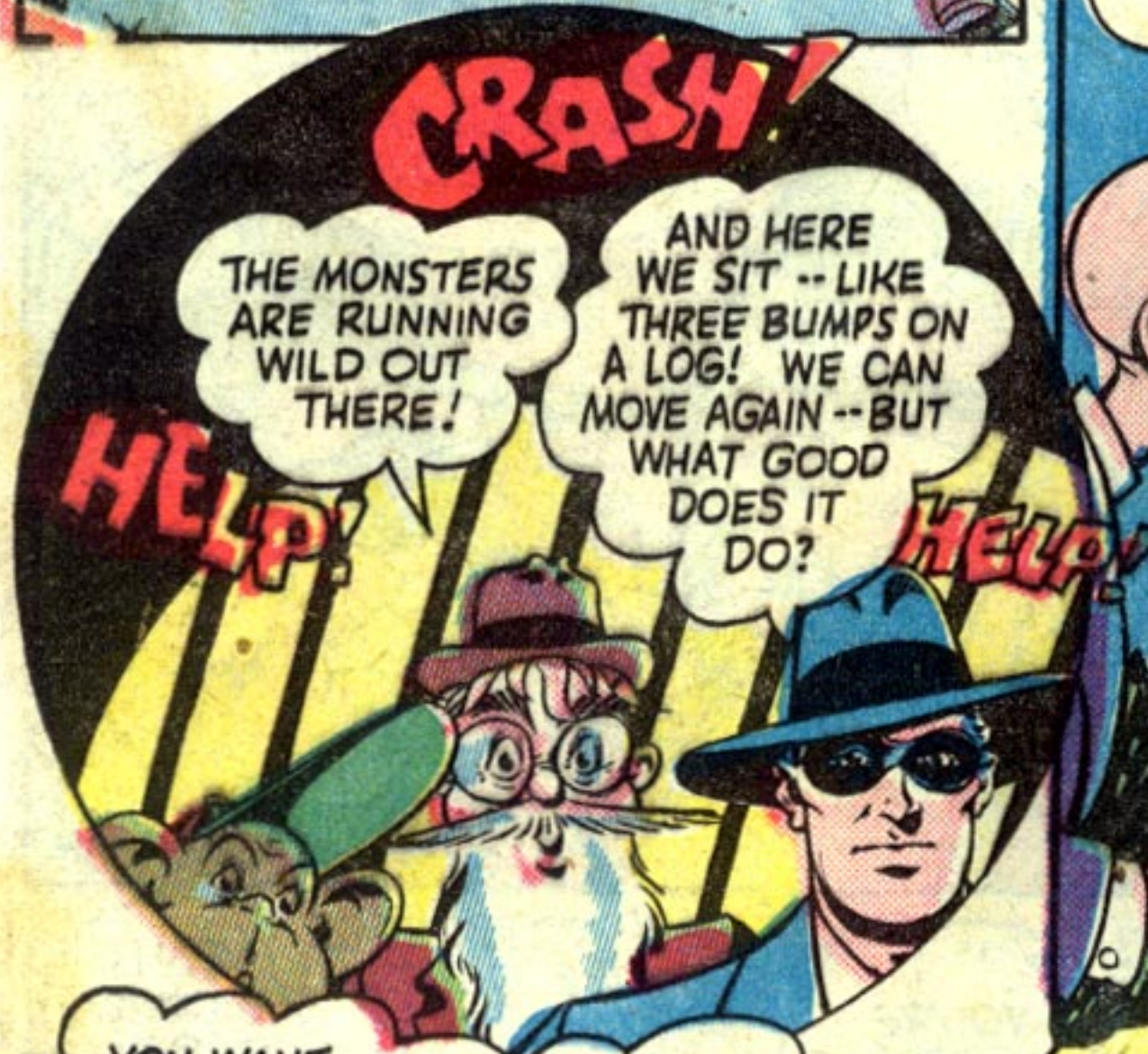
YOU'RE  
A GENIUS,  
DRIZZY!  
... INVENT  
A NEW  
PAIR!

HEY! YOU FUGITIVES  
FROM A BAD DREAM!  
**PUT THOSE  
PEOPLE  
DOWN!**

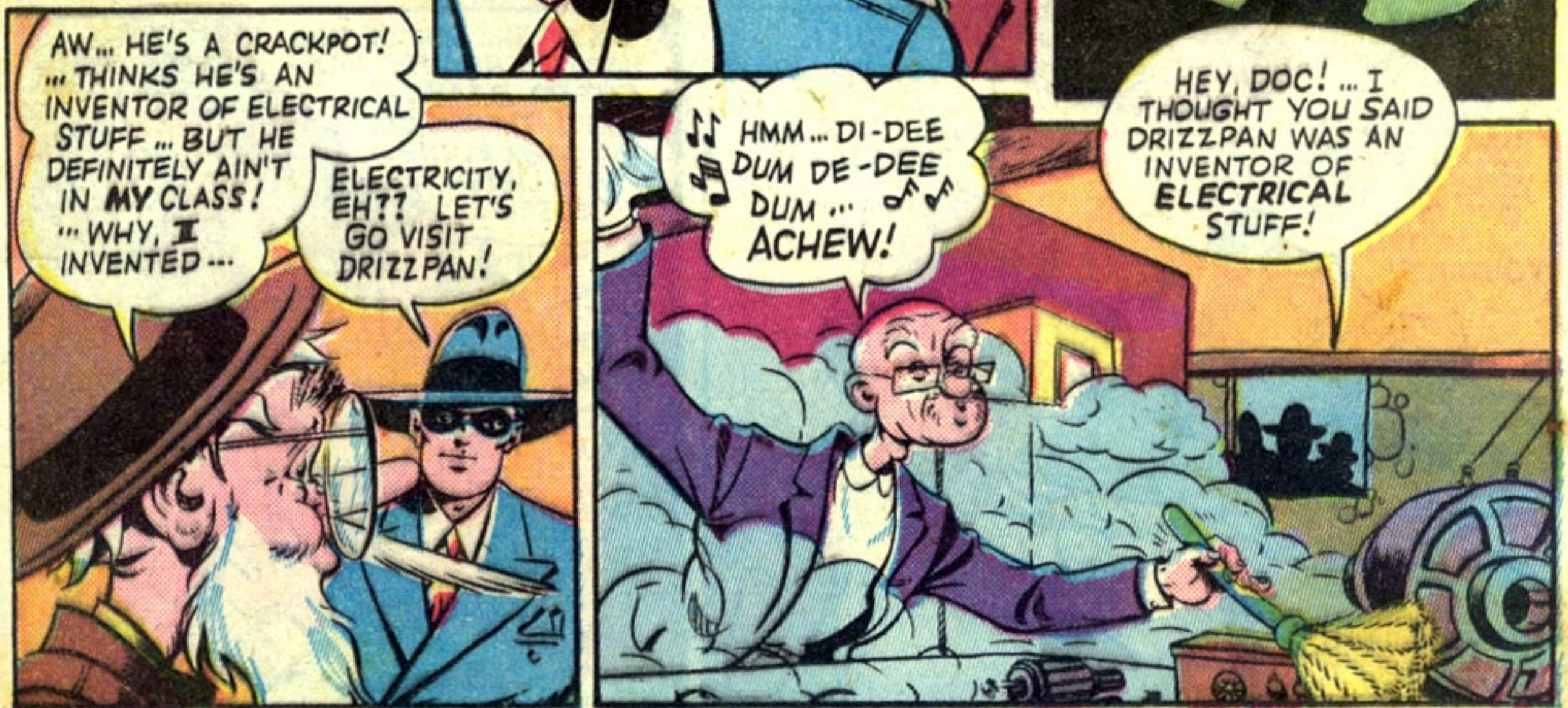
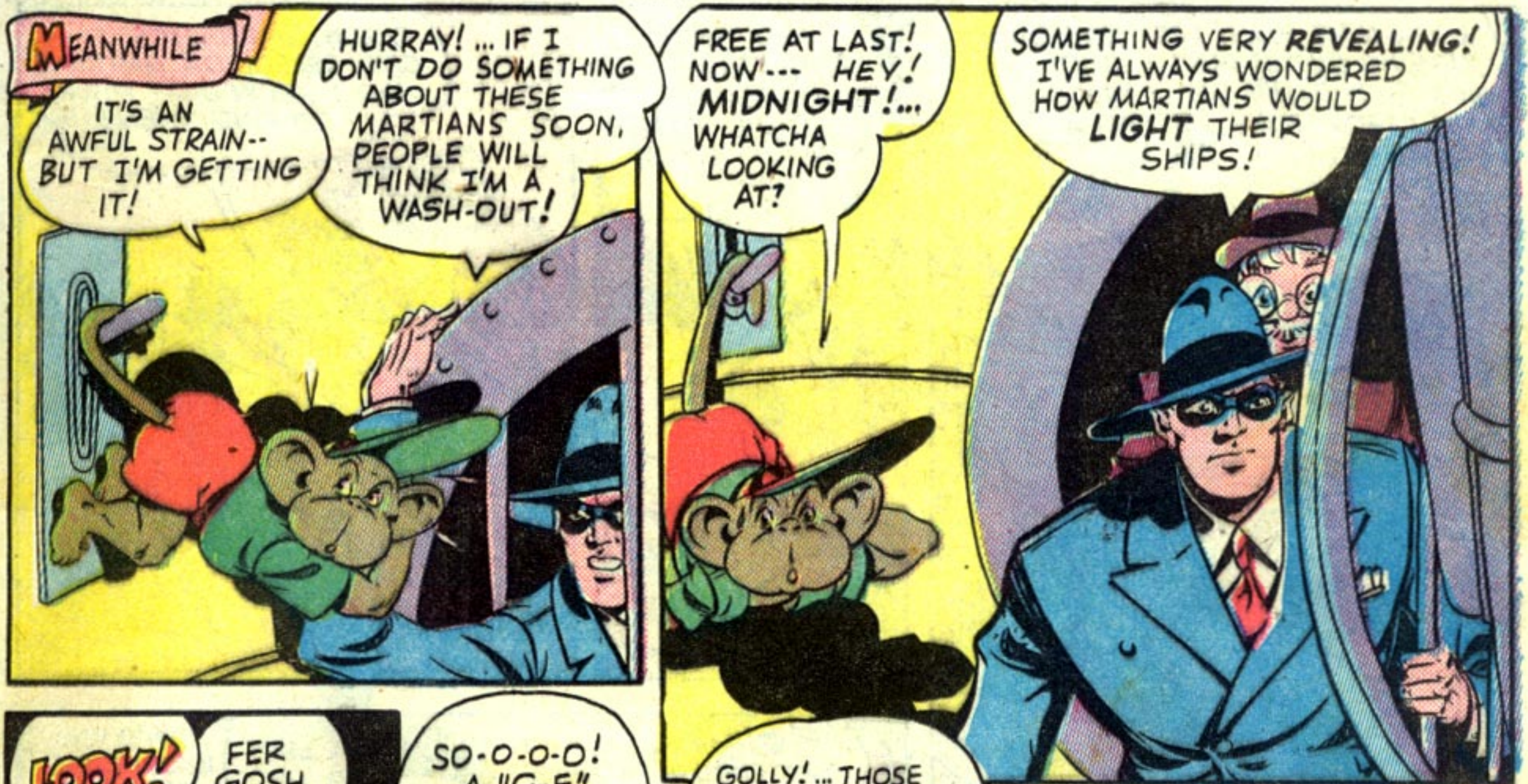
YEAH...  
DROP 'EM,  
DRIPS, OR  
YOUR CLOCK'LL  
STOP AT  
**MIDNIGHT!**















I KNOW HE WAS! JUDGING BY THE DUST HE'S SHOVELLING OFF HIS LABORATORY EQUIPMENT, I'D SAY HE HASN'T INVENTED ANYTHING IN TEN YEARS!

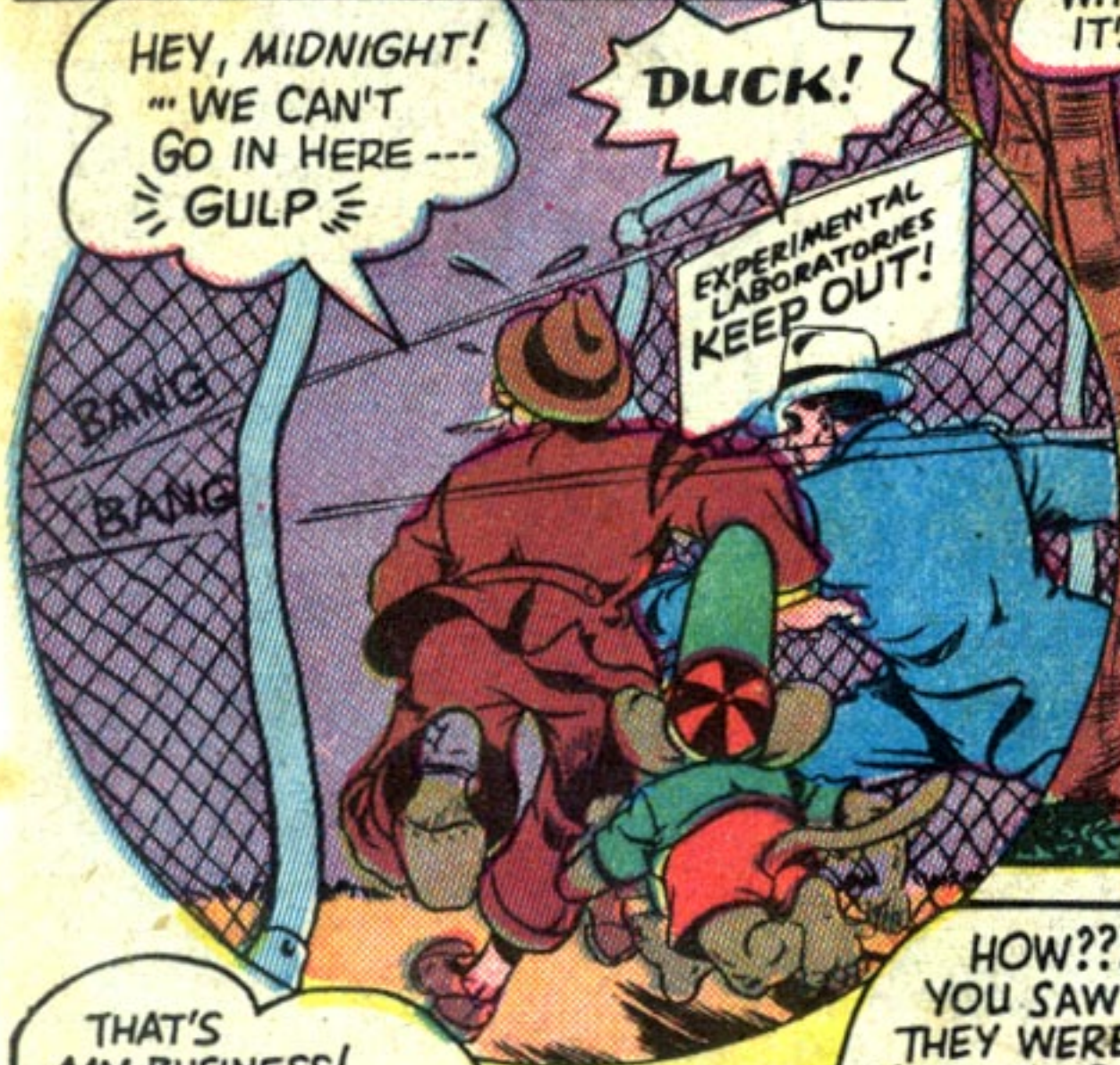
YOU SAID IT, DOC! I'D SAY DRIZZPAN'S GETTING THAT DUMP IN SHAPE TO GO TO WORK IN!



AND THOSE MARTIANS ARE RAMSHACKING THE ELECTRIC POWER PLANT OVER THERE! HMMM....



C'MON, GANG! ... IT'S OPEN SEASON ON MARTIANS AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND THEM!



HEY, MIDNIGHT! "WE CAN'T GO IN HERE --- GULP"

DUCK!



©☆!#%\*! WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH MARTIANS --NOW IT'S NAZI SPIES, TOO!

WHY... THOSE-- MMMM MM--

SHUT UP!

HOW'D YOU KNOW THESE MARTIANS WERE HERE, MIDNIGHT?



THAT'S MY BUSINESS! C'MON, YOU TWO... WE'RE TAKING OVER ONE OF THESE MARTIAN OUTFITS!

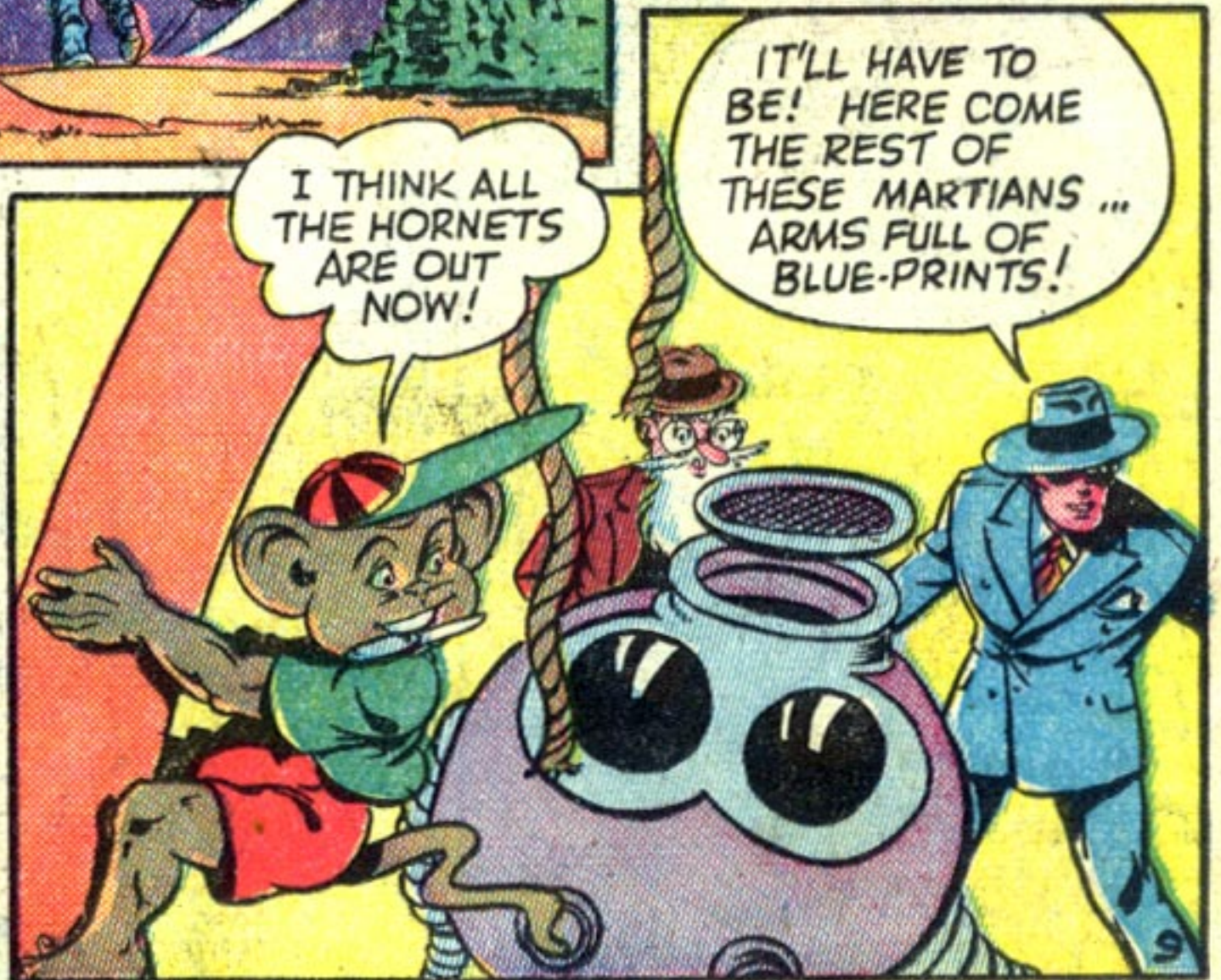
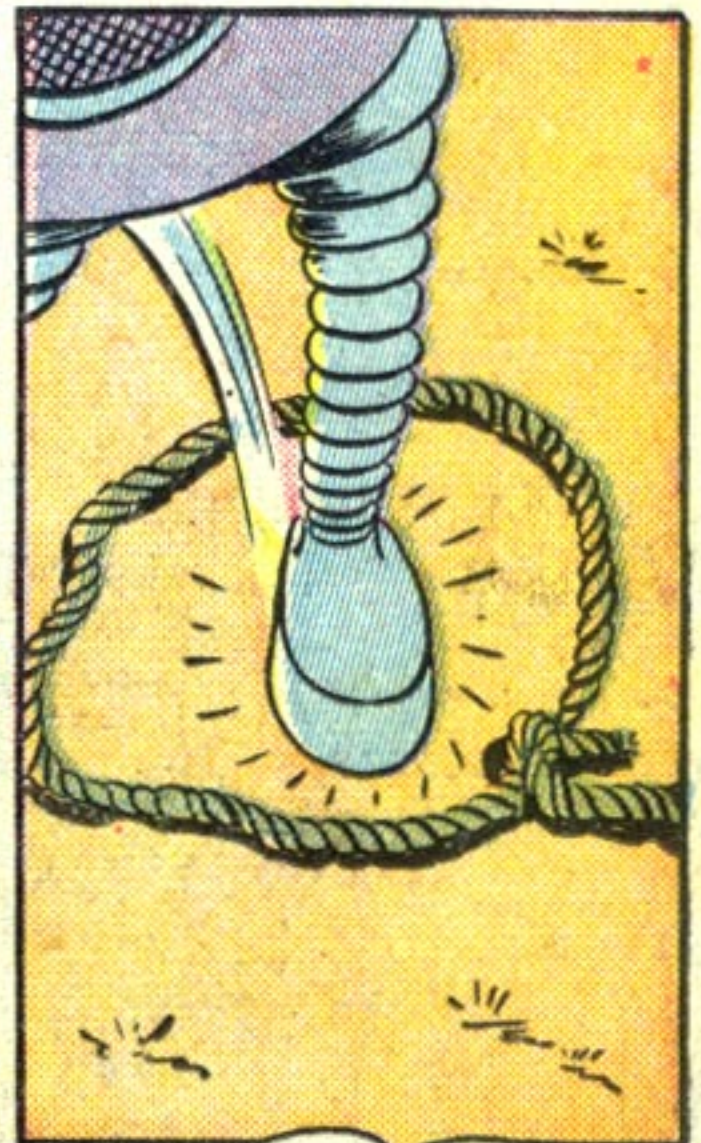
HOW??... YOU SAW WHAT THEY WERE LIKE... MADE OF STEEL AND STUFF!



I'M OF THE SCHOOL THAT BELIEVES BRAINS WILL OUT-DO BRAWN!... LOOK! THERE'S ONE OF THEM ALONE... NOW, LISTEN CLOSELY!



**I**N BUT A FEW MINUTES ...







PSSSSST!... MIDNIGHT!... YOU'RE STEERING THIS THING WRONG! THE OTHERS ARE HEADING FOR THE SPACE SHIP AND WE'RE HEADING FOR DRIZZPAN'S PLACE!

I KNOW... BUT WE'LL ALL MEET IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

HUH?? GEEHOSSIFFER!! Y'MEAN THAT DRIZZPAN'S BEHIND ALL THIS?

YEP!



PSSST! ... DRIZZPAN ... A MESSAGE FROM MARS ...

AHEM ... BARLUMPF!... YOU'RE NUTS! ... DRIZZPAN COULDN'T INVENT A CONTRAPTION LIKE --- AW, GEE! ... IT'S PROBABLY FULL OF FLAWS, ANYWAY!

HUSH UP, DOC!

WESTERN ELECTRIC?... AHEM... THIS IS **THE** PROFESSOR DRIZZPAN!... I'D APPRECIATE YOUR SENDING A REPRESENTATIVE OVER TO MY LABORATORY TO DISCUSS PRICE IN REGARD TO MY LATEST INVENTIONS IN THE FIELD OF ELECTRONICS!



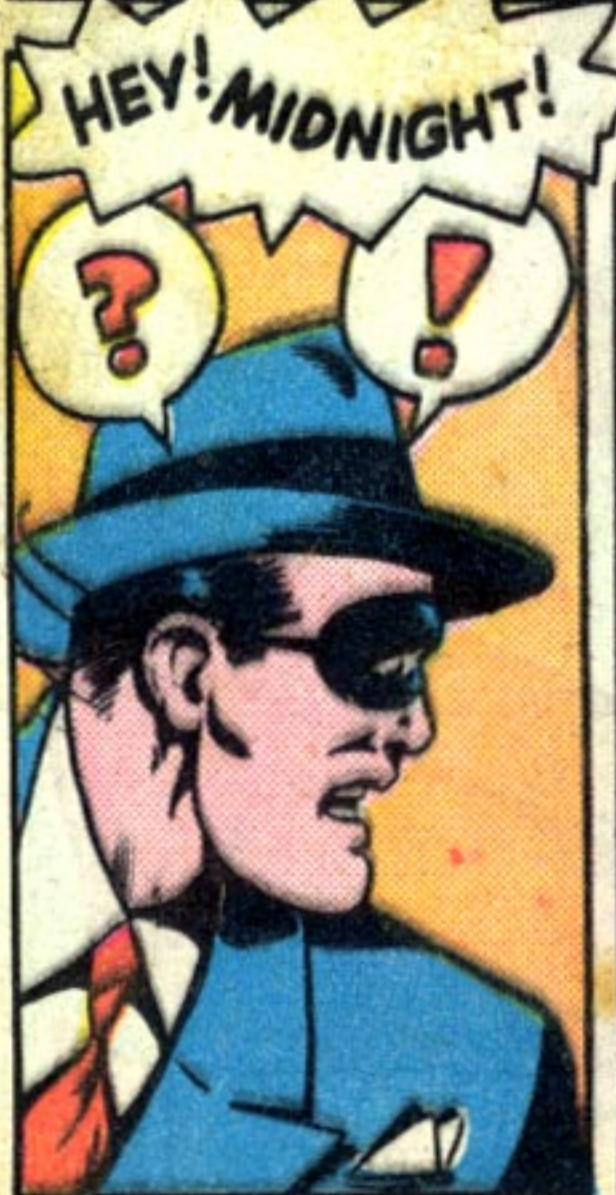
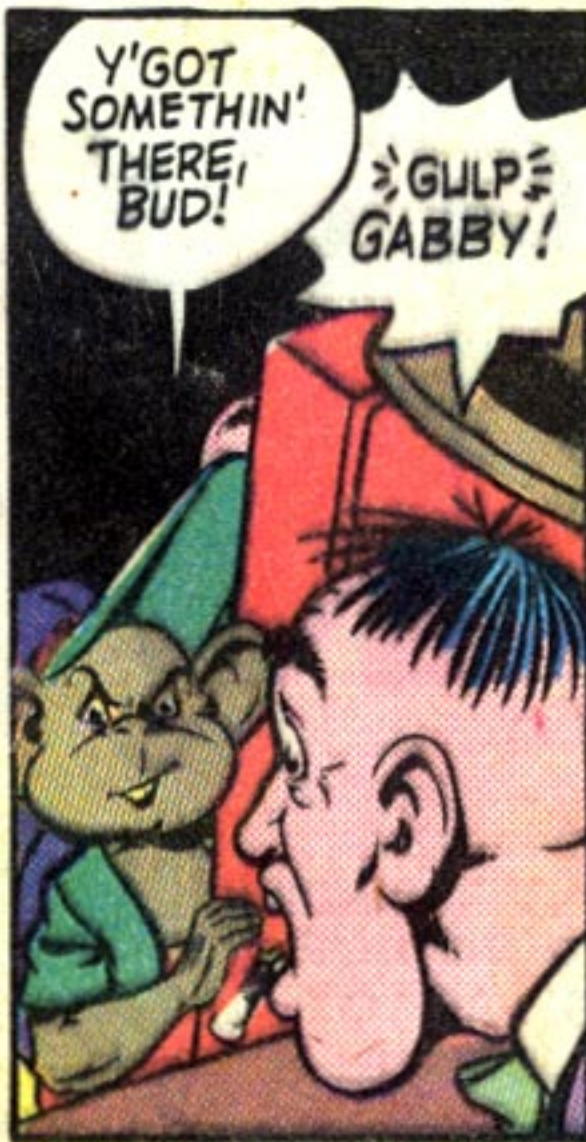
HEY, BOSS! ... WE'RE BACK!

OH-OH! DOC!... GABBY! C'MERE!

YA KIN SET OFF TH' ROCKETS AN' BURN TH' SPACE SHIP! ... TH' **MARTIANS** AN' MIDNIGHT AN' HIS PALS IS IN IT! HA-HA! ... I GOT TH' BOYS FILLIN' IN TH' TUNNEL TO IT ... AN' YANKIN' OUT TH' HOT WIRES YOU SET UP FER DAT **BLUE RAY GUN** SHOW WE PUT ON!









SMASH COMICS

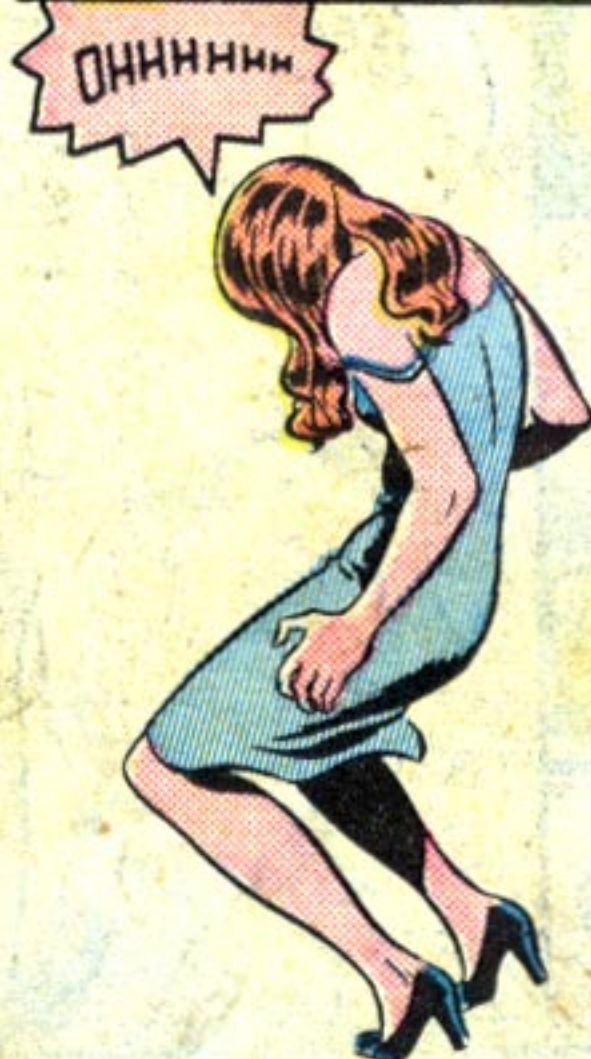
# Rookie RANKIN

**MURDER STRUCK! ...**  
SOMEWHERE IN THE MAZES  
OF THE HUGE DEPARTMENT  
STORE, LURKED AN UNKNOWN  
KILLER! ... AND **ROOKIE**  
**RANKIN'S** JOB WAS TO  
BRING HIM TO JUSTICE! ...



FOLLOW **ROOKIE RANKIN** ON THE MURDER TRAIL THROUGH THE  
COUNTERS OF A MERCANTILE METROPOLIS, WHILE HE TACKLES  
THE HIDDEN DANGERS THAT ARISE WHEN "MURDER HAS A  
BARGAIN DAY"! ...













JUST STAY NEAR THE BODY AND  
MAKE SURE NO EVIDENCE IS TOUCHED!  
... I'VE GOT TO QUESTION  
THE OTHERS!



BOY! I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A CHANCE  
TO SOLVE THIS MURDER AND SHOW UP  
THAT DETECTIVE FROM THE HOMICIDE  
BUREAU! THAT'D  
MAKE THE SARGE  
SIT UP AND TAKE  
NOTICE!



THE DETECTIVE HASN'T  
SEARCHED THIS ROOM YET!  
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND  
A CLUE WHILE HE'S  
QUESTIONING THE  
WITNESSES!



A GLOVE! I'LL BET  
THE MURDERER DROPPED  
IT! NOW I'M  
GETTING  
SOMEWHERE!



YOU'RE JAMES PHILPOOT!  
YOU'VE BEEN PAYING A  
LOT OF ATTENTION TO  
MISS DARE! AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, YOU HAD A DATE  
WITH HER FOR TONIGHT!

DOES  
THAT  
PROVE  
ANYTHING?



I FOUND THIS  
GLOVE NEAR THE  
BODY! IT PROBABLY  
BELONGS TO THE  
MURDERER!

LET'S  
SEE  
IT!

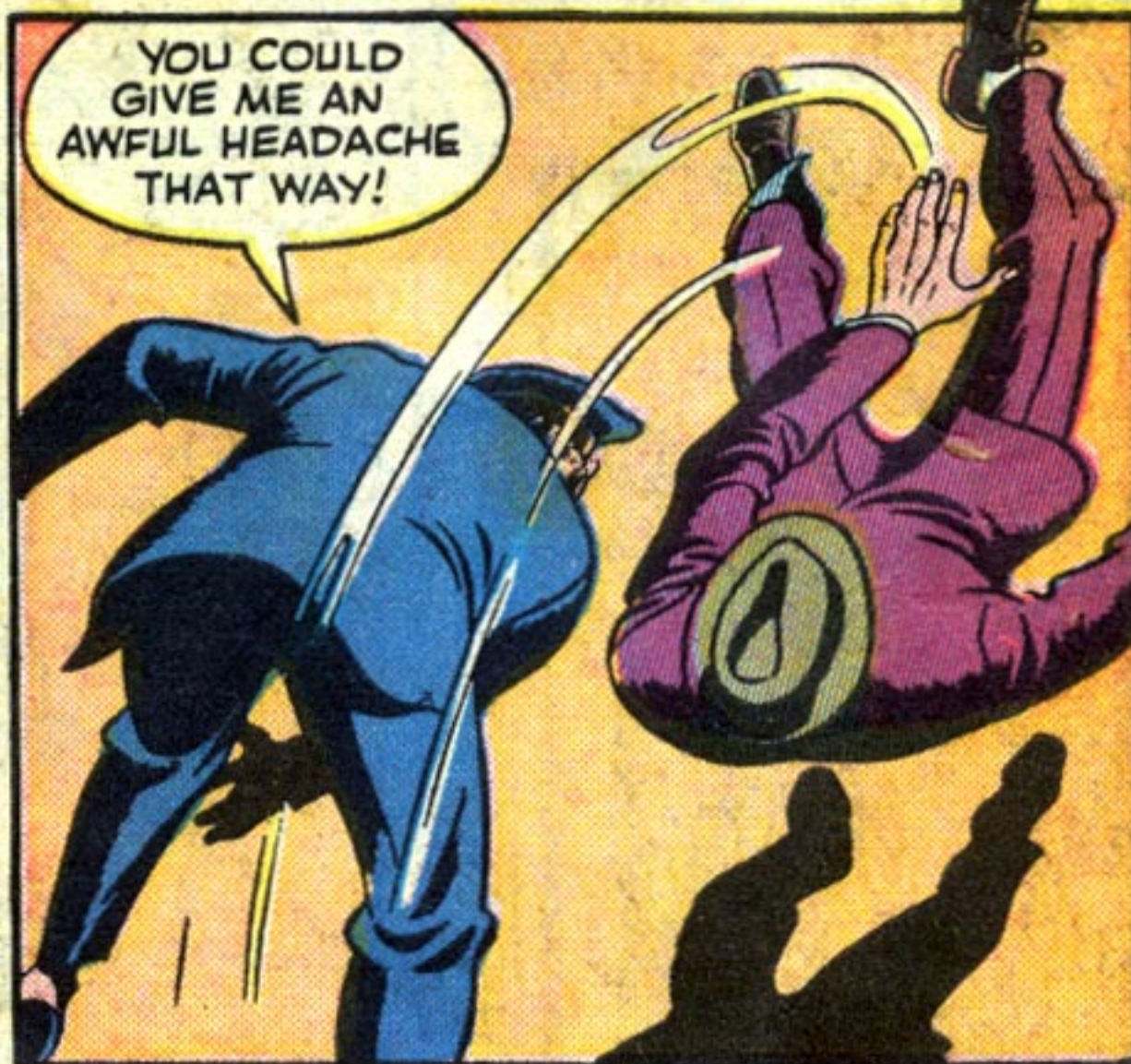


VERY INTERESTING!  
TELL ME, RANKIN ... JUST  
WHERE IS YOUR  
GLOVE?

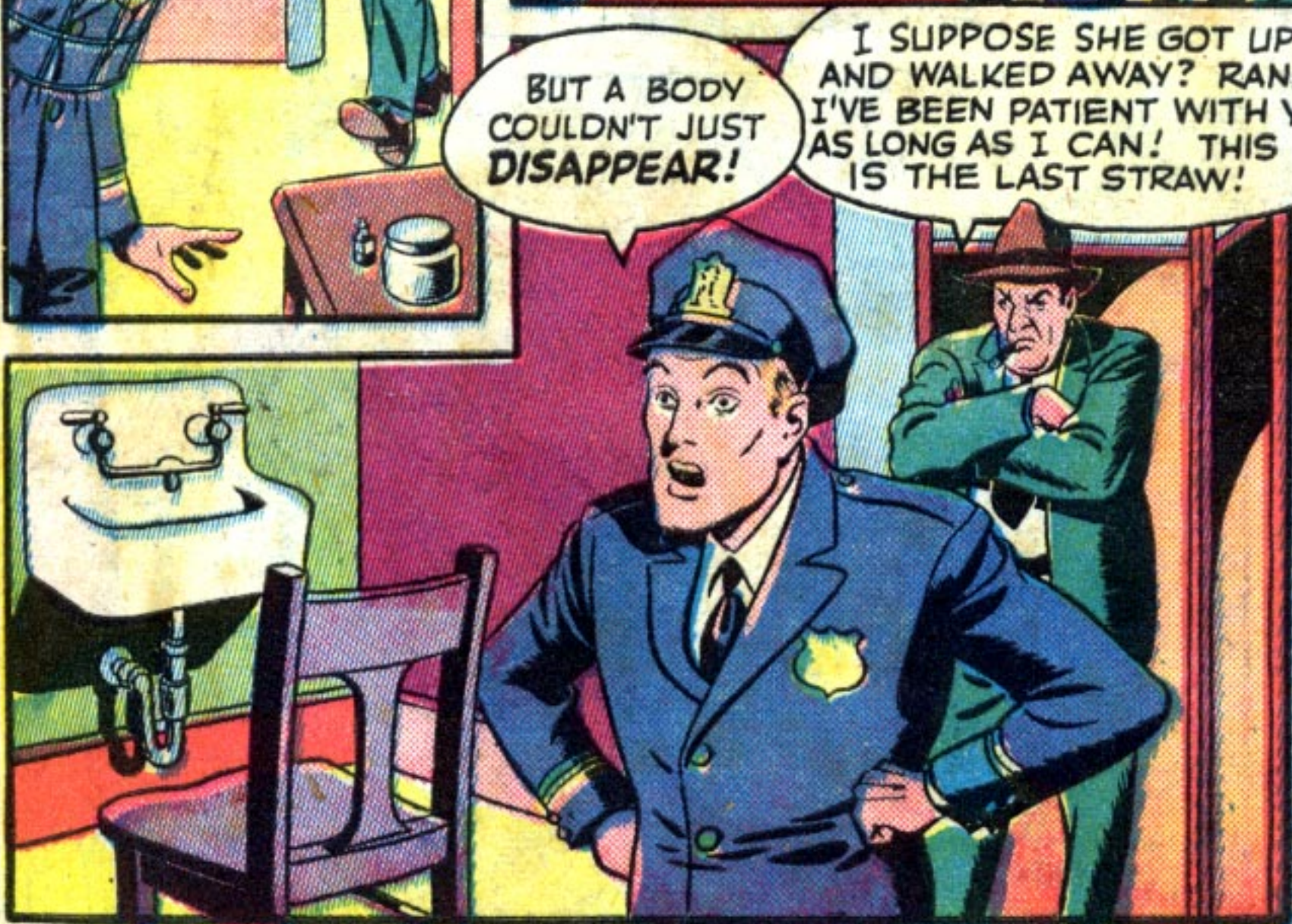
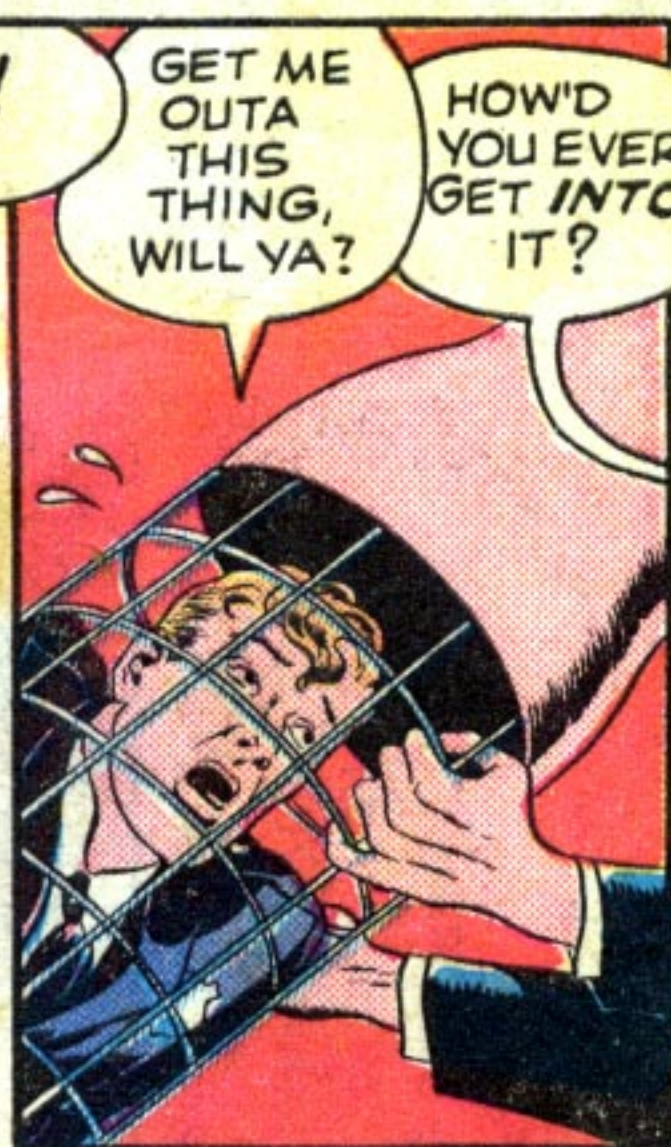
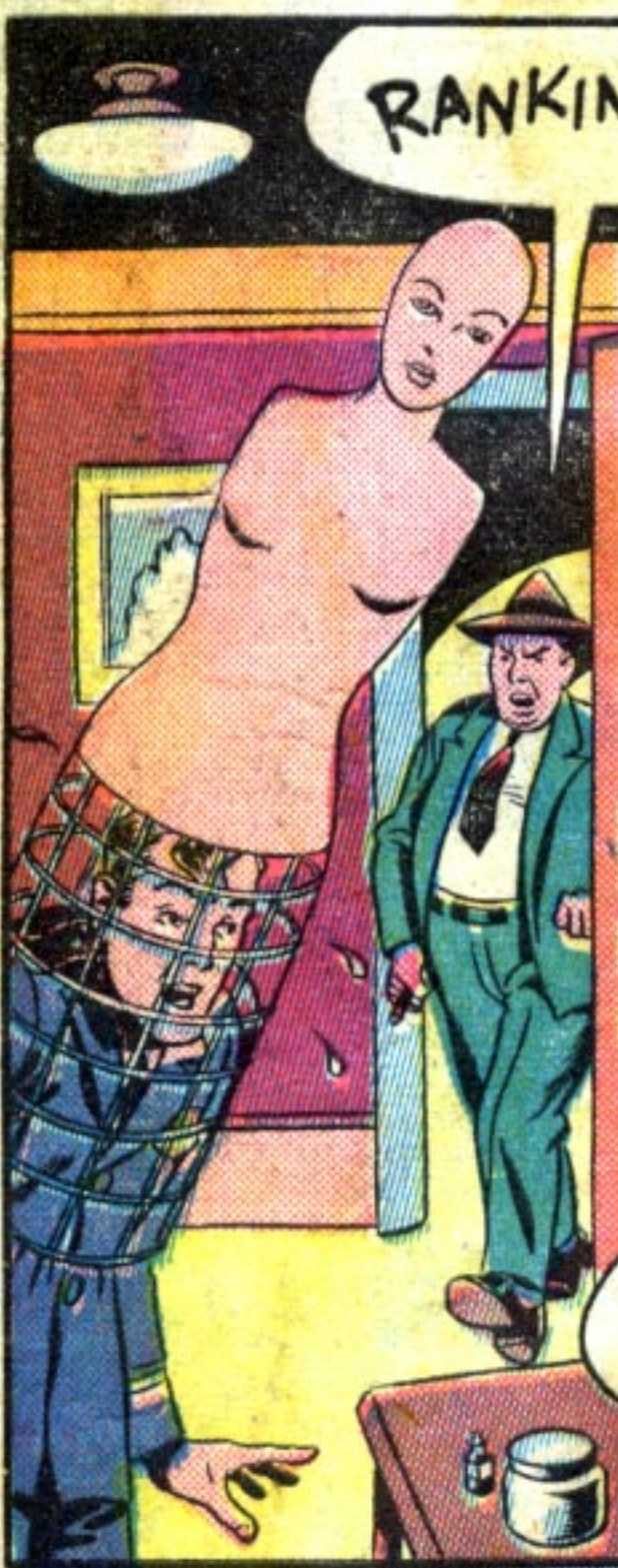


WHY ... I ... ER ... AH ...  
... I GUESS THIS  
MUST BE  
MY GLOVE!













SAY! WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

PRESERVE IT! YOU'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE!...

THIS FIRE DOOR IS SUPPOSED TO BE LOCKED WHEN THE STORE CLOSSES! BUT SOMEONE'S OPENED IT IN THE PAST FEW MINUTES!

THE MURDERER COULD HAVE TAKEN THE BODY DOWN THIS STAIRCASE-- BUT WHERE DID HE GO FROM HERE?



YOU'RE ED SMITH, THE WINDOW DISPLAY MAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JUST MAKING A FINAL CHECK-UP! THESE DISPLAYS MUST BE READY FOR THE STORE TO OPEN TOMORROW!

WINDOW DISPLAYS, HUH? I'LL LOOK THEM OVER FIRST!

YOU WON'T LEARN ANYTHING FROM THOSE WAX DUMMIES, MISTER POLICEMAN!

WELL... THIS IS THE FIRST WAX DUMMY I EVER SAW THAT BLED! THIS IS THE BODY OF DIANA DARE!



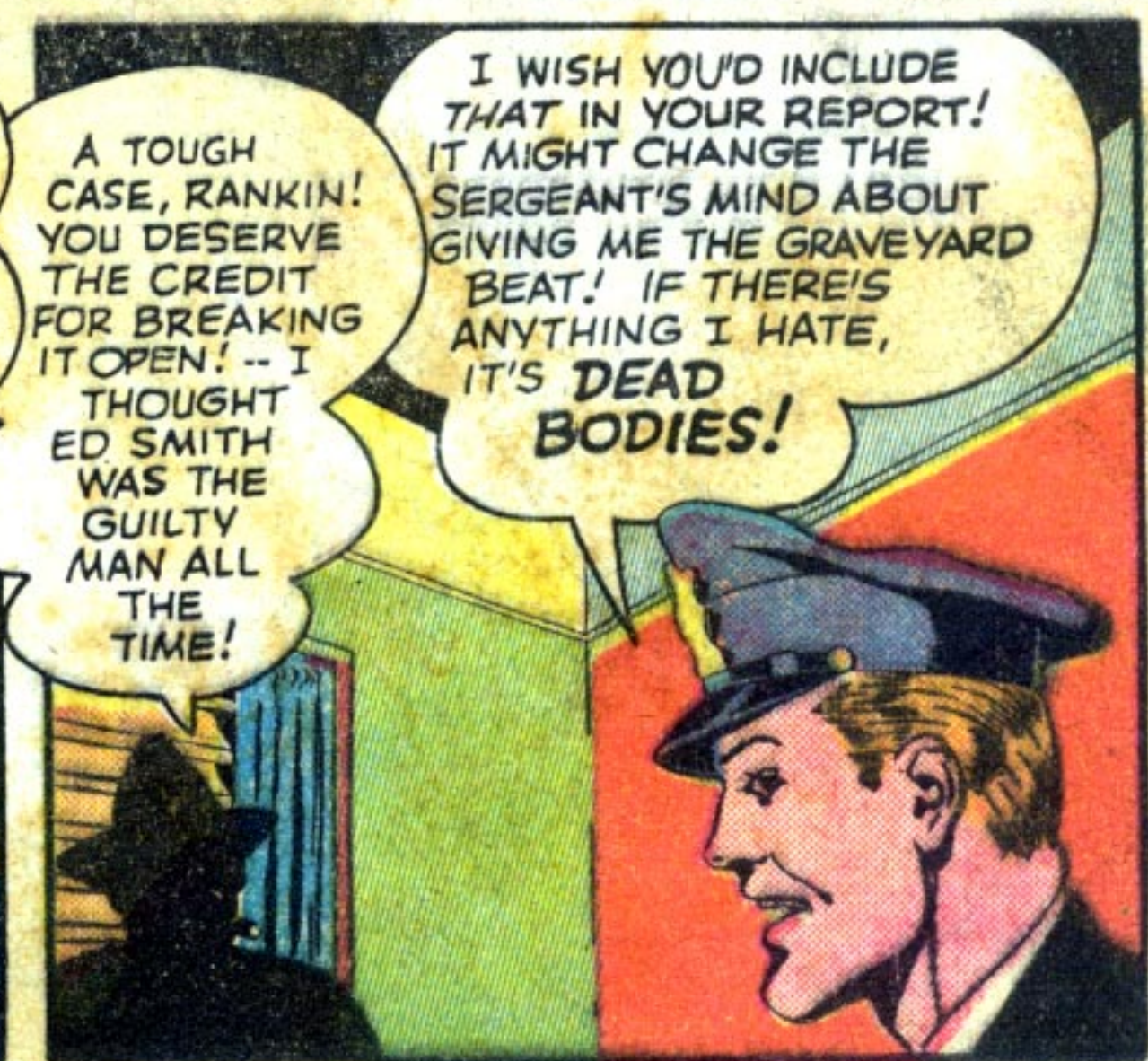
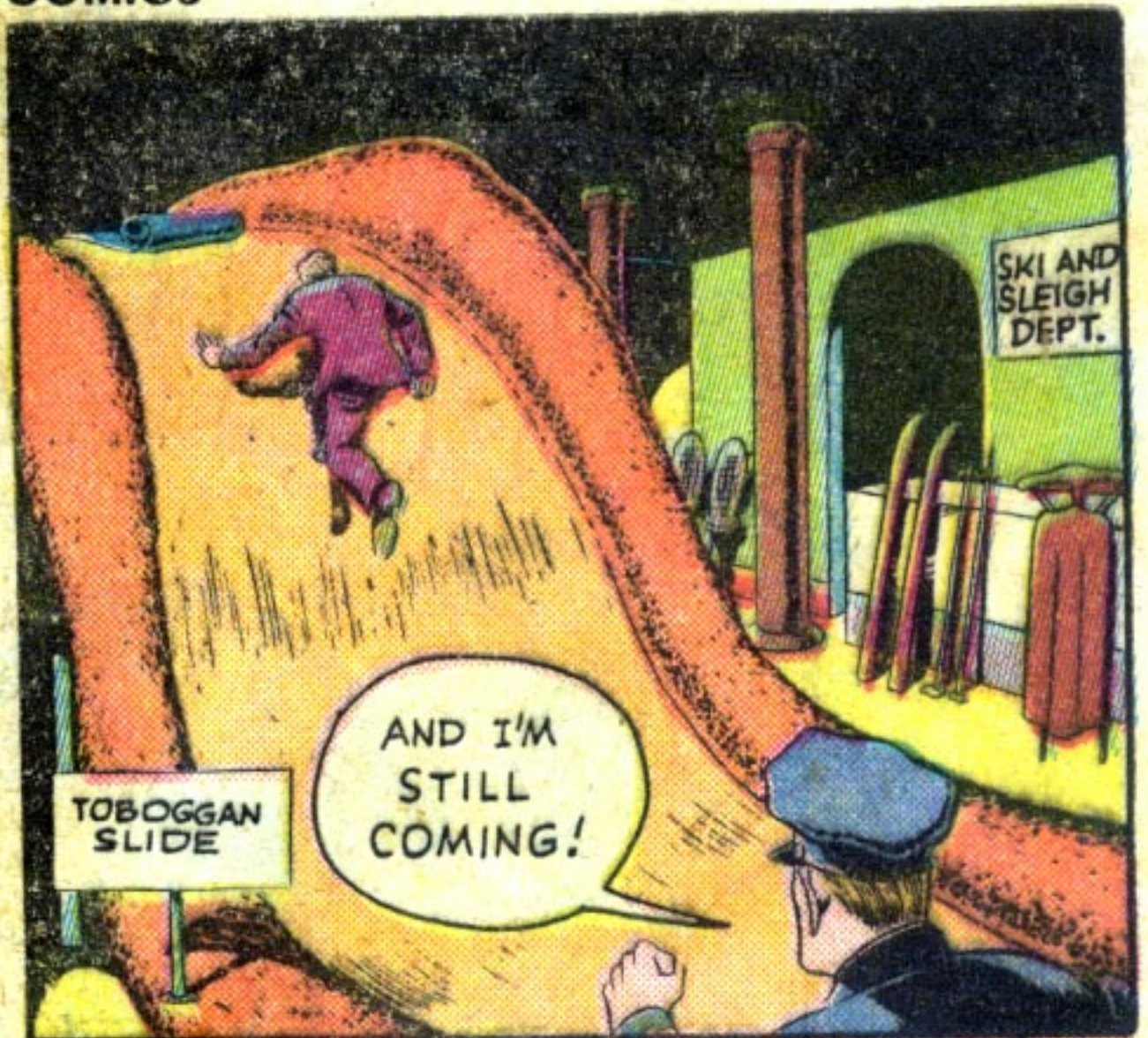
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, COPPER!

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE AROUND, SOMEWHERE!



THIS TIME I'M PITCHING!









UNKNOWN IN HIS WORK, UNLESS HE IS CAUGHT... THAT IS THE LOT OF THE ESPIONAGE AGENT! BUT THE MEN, WHO RISK THEIR LIVES ON THE VERY DOORSTEPS OF THE ENEMY, SEEK TO SERVE, RATHER THAN TO FIND GLORY! SUCH MEN ARE **BLACK X** AND **BATU**!

### A HOTEL LOBBY IN ISTANBUL...

THEY'LL BE HERE SOON, **BLACK X**! I'LL POINT THEM OUT! THE REST IS UP TO YOU AND **BATU**!

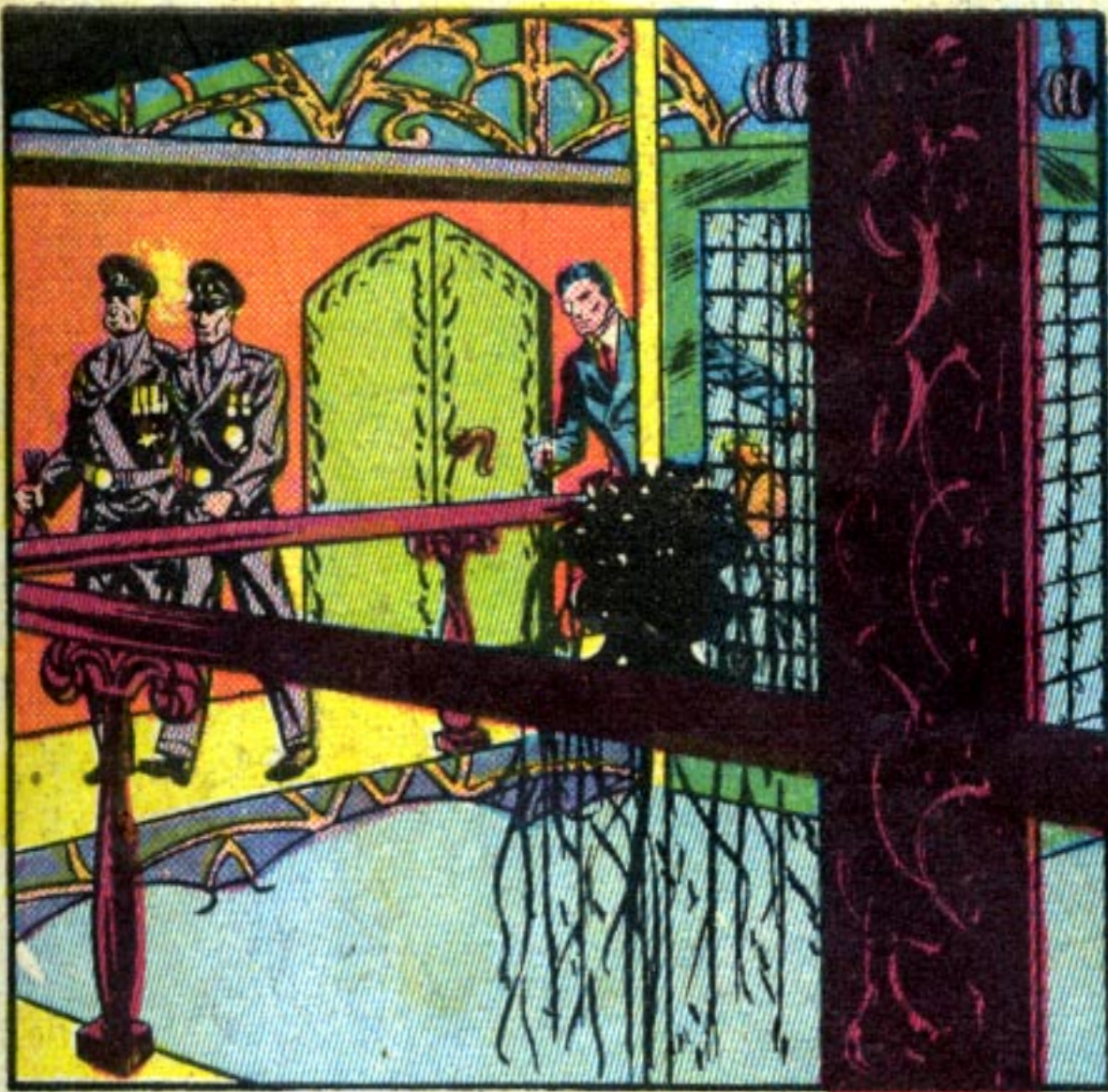
WHAT DO WE HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT THEM?

ALL THAT WE IN BRITISH INTELLIGENCE KNOW! THEY'RE MAJOR HALKENHORST AND COL. RIDDENHOF! THEY'RE BOUND FOR TOKYO AS MILITARY LIAISON OFFICERS AND WE SUSPECT SOMETHING BIG IS BEING PLANNED THERE! WE WANT THE DETAILS!

THERE THEY ARE NOW! GOOD LUCK, **BLACK X**!







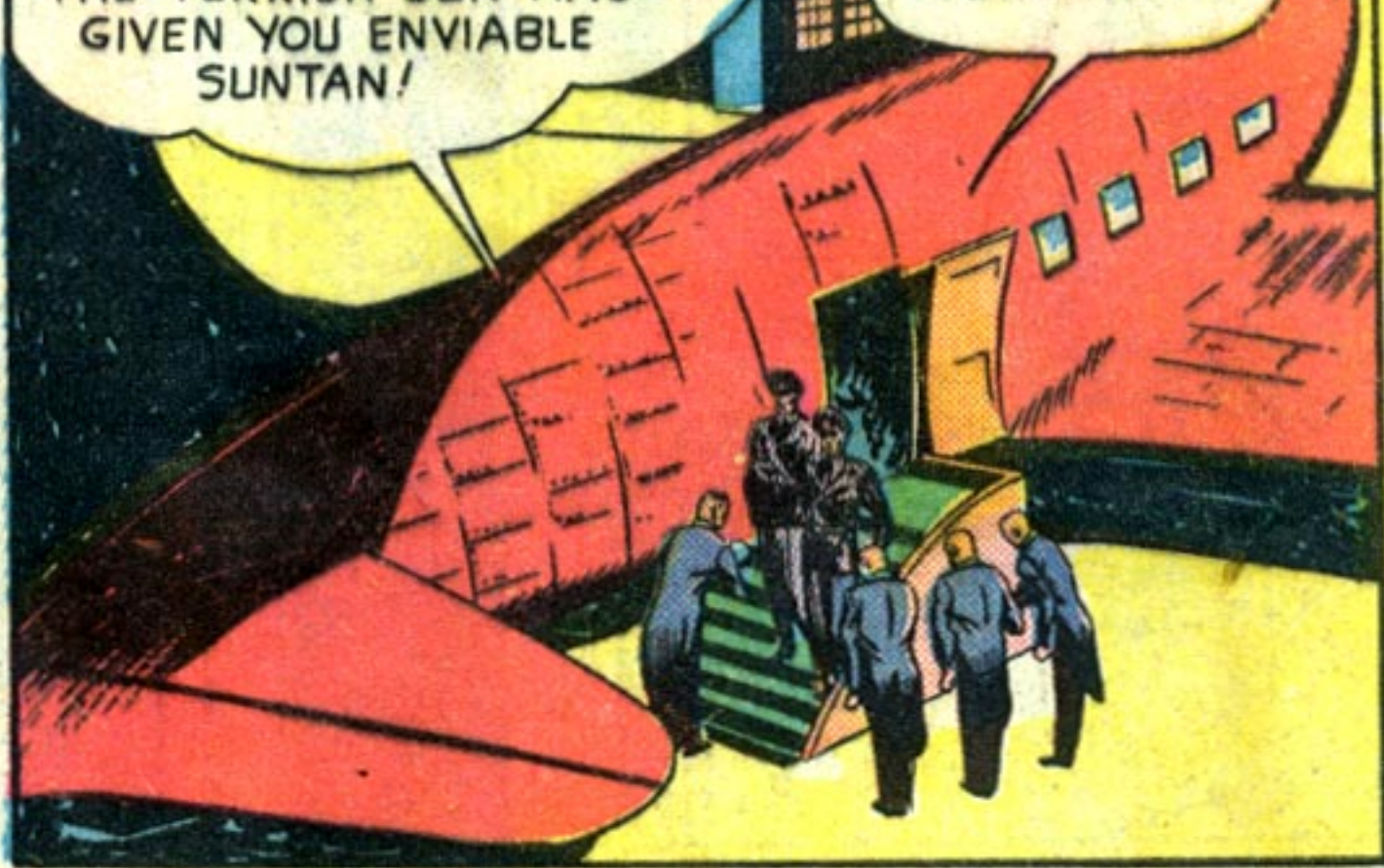


TOKYO, BATU! THINK OF IT! IT FILLS ME WITH A MIXTURE OF DISGUST AND ANTICIPATION!



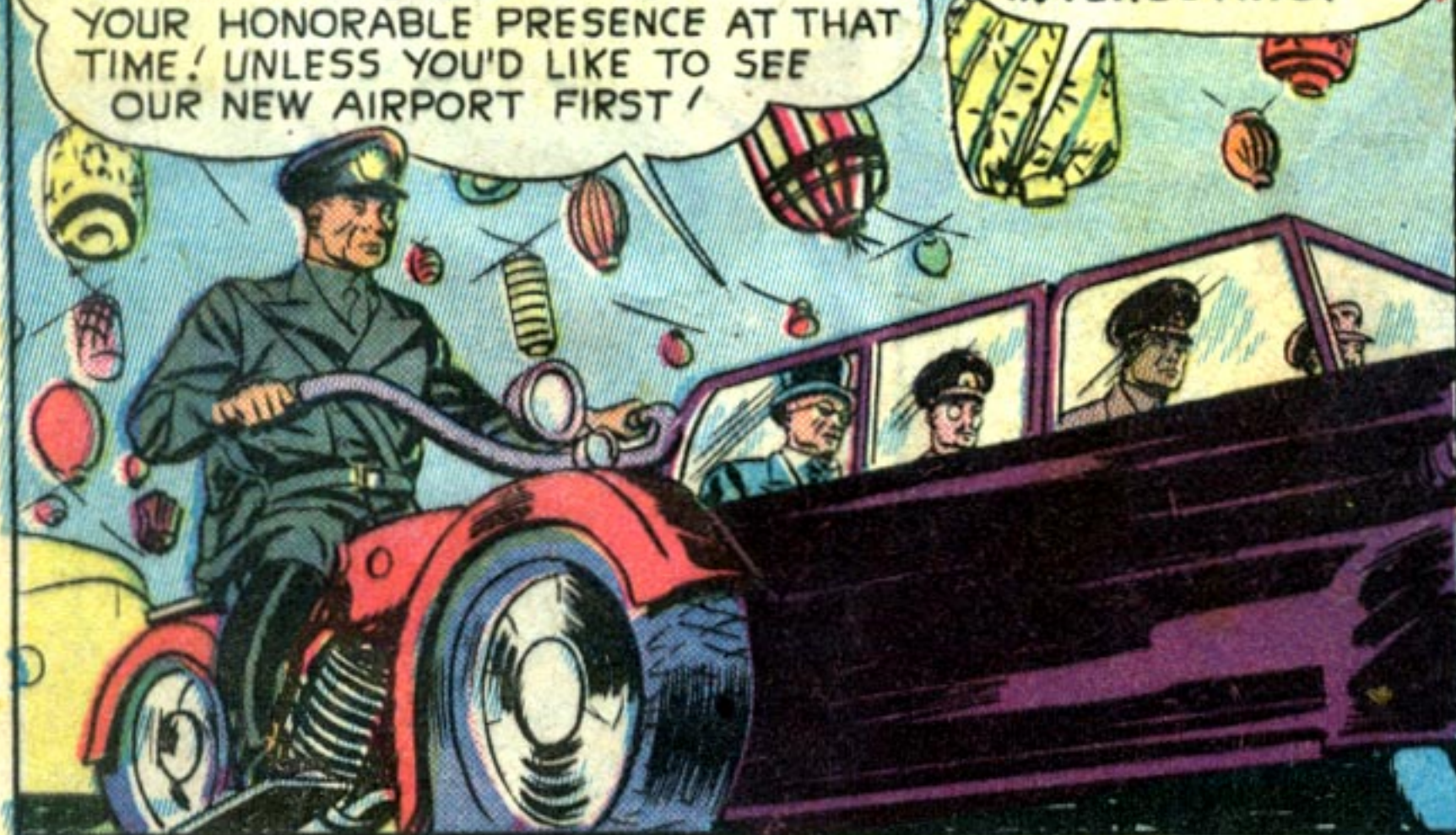
COL. RIDDENHOF, THIS IS A MOMENTOUS OCCASION! MAJOR HALKENHORST, IT IS A PLEASURE TO GREET YOU! THE TURKISH SUN HAS GIVEN YOU ENVIABLE SUNTAN!

MY SKIN IS RATHER DELICATE! IT GROWS BROWN IN THE SUNLIGHT!



THE CONFERENCE IS AT THREE O'CLOCK! WE WILL LEAVE YOU AT THE HOTEL AND EXPECT YOUR HONORABLE PRESENCE AT THAT TIME! UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE OUR NEW AIRPORT FIRST!

I THINK THAT WOULD BE MUCH MORE INTERESTING!



AT THE AIRPORT...

ONE OF OUR NEWEST MITSUBISHI TWO SEATER FIGHTERS! READY TO TAKE OFF AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE! TOKYO WILL NEVER BE CAUGHT NAPPING!



AND IS NOT THIS NEW ROAD SUPERB? JAPAN IS THE LAND OF PROGRESS!

ANYBODY CAN SEE THAT!



LATER... THE CONFERENCE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

WE START AS SOON AS THE PREMIER ARRIVES!



I AM HERE! BE SEATED, GENTLEMEN!







ON THAT MAP, GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN SEE CLEARLY WHAT OUR NEXT MOVE WILL BE! WHEN YOU HAVE ALL SEEN IT, I SHALL EXPLAIN FURTHER!



SHALL WE ACT WHEN THE MAP REACHES US, MASTER?

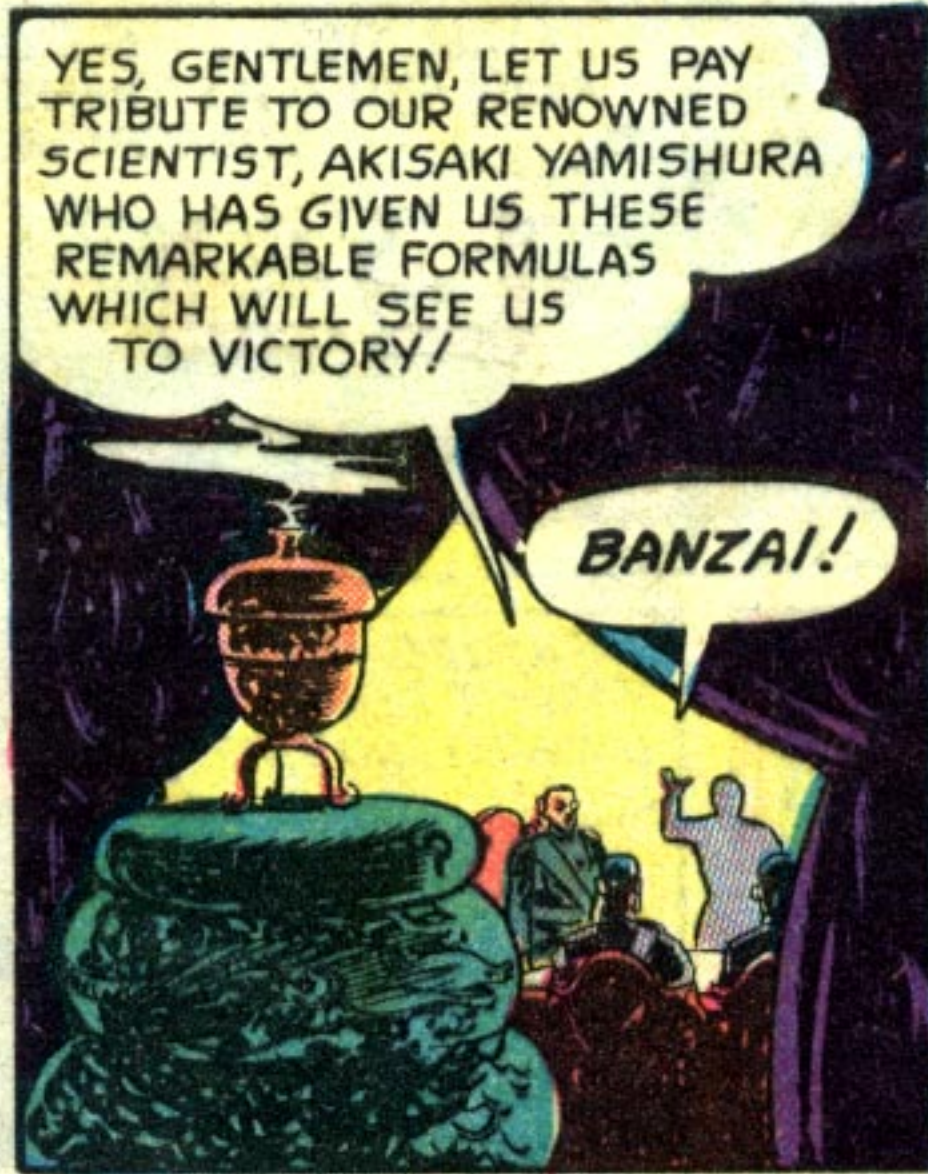
WE'LL WAIT TO HEAR WHAT THE PREMIER HAS TO TELL US! IF WE STOLE THE MAP THEY WOULD SIMPLY CHANGE THEIR PLANS! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING OF GREATER VALUE TO HEAR.



THE PLANS FOR THESE OPERATIONS INVOLVE THE USE OF OUR NEW GAS ... AND SINCE **WE ALONE** HAVE THE ANTIDOTE FOR THIS GAS, THOSE WE ATTACK WILL BE QUITE **HELPLESS!**

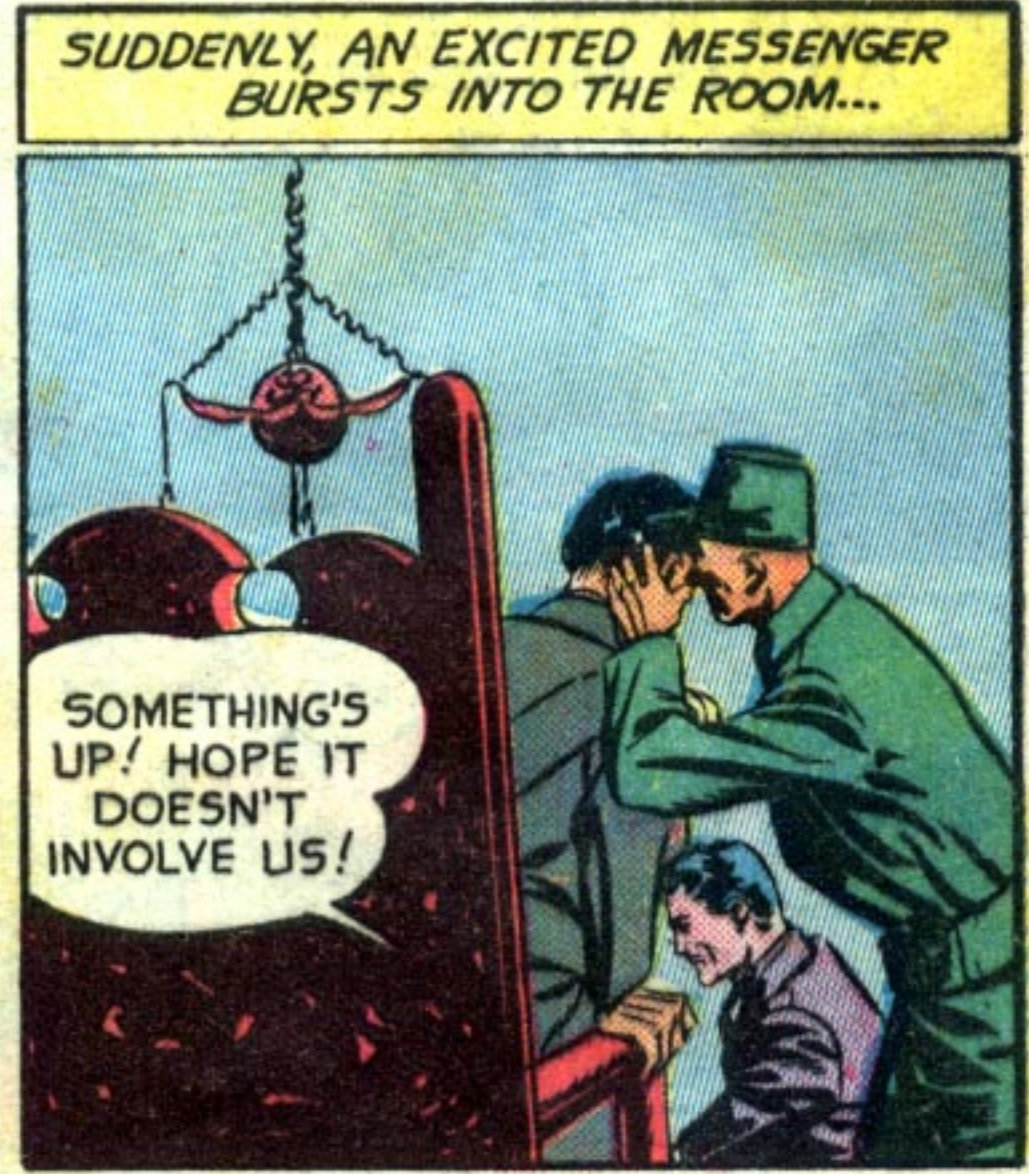


SO THAT'S IT! THAT IS WHAT WE WILL HAVE TO GET OUR HANDS ON!



YES, GENTLEMEN, LET US PAY TRIBUTE TO OUR RENOWNED SCIENTIST, AKISAKI YAMISHURA WHO HAS GIVEN US THESE REMARKABLE FORMULAS WHICH WILL SEE US TO VICTORY!

**BANZAI!**



SUDDENLY, AN EXCITED MESSENGER BURSTS INTO THE ROOM...

SOMETHING'S UP! HOPE IT DOESN'T INVOLVE US!



PARDON THE INTERRUPTION, GENTLEMEN! WE WILL PROCEED NOW!



WE WILL PROCEED WITH THE **ARREST** OF TWO TREACHEROUS SPIES WHO HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY INTO OUR MIDST!



# SMASH COMICS















CLOSE? THEY'RE RIGHT UNDER OUR FEET!

A MOTORCYCLE IS HEAVEN SENT AT THIS MOMENT!



BUT WHERE WILL WE GO NOW, MASTER?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE SUPERB MITSUBISHI TWO SEATER OUR JAP FRIEND SO PROUDLY SHOWED US?

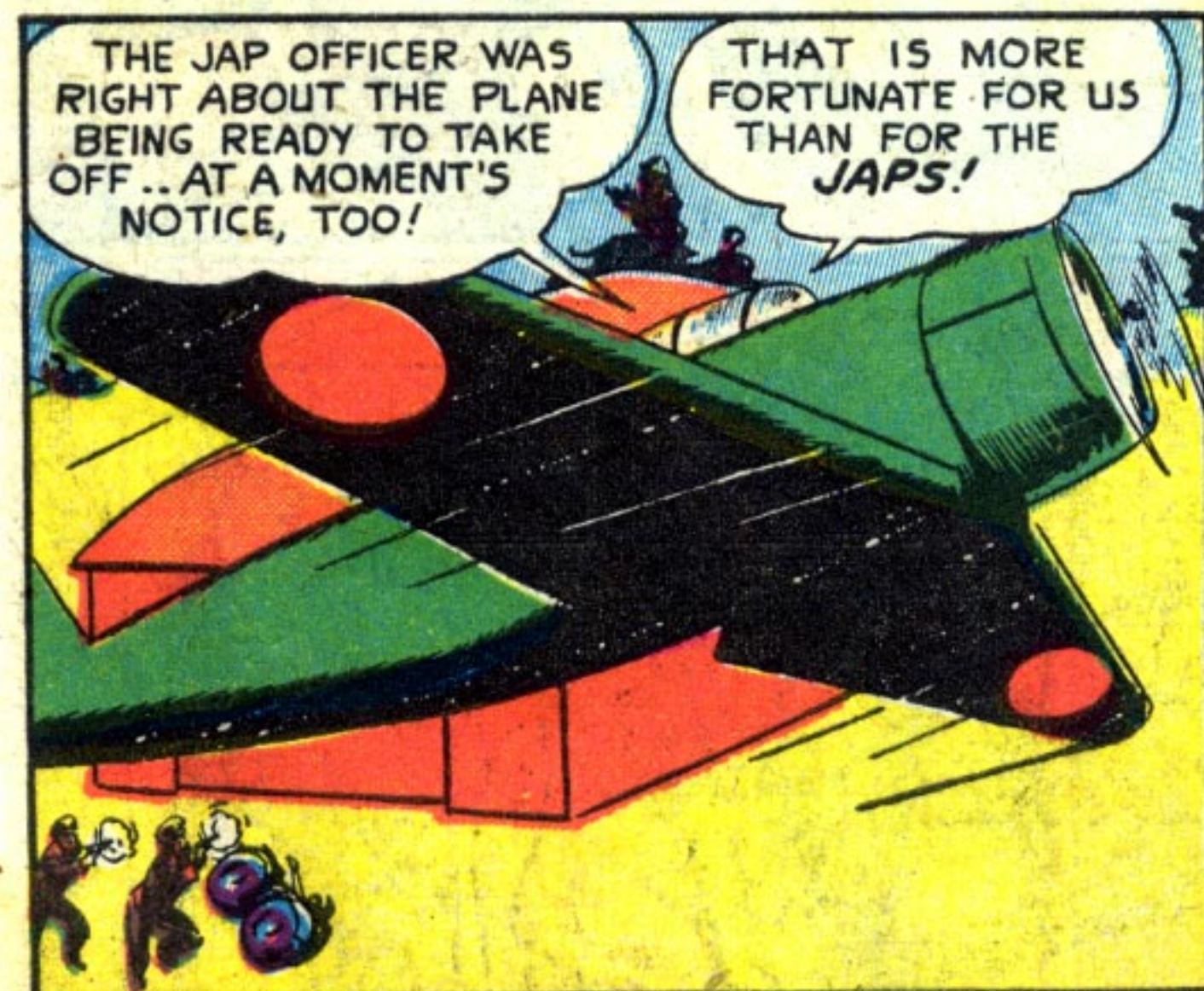


THE SOLDIERS WILL HAVE THEIR DIGNITY VERY MUCH UPSET!



SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY!

PARDON OUR WESTERN MANNERS!



THE JAP OFFICER WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE PLANE BEING READY TO TAKE OFF.. AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, TOO!

THAT IS MORE FORTUNATE FOR US THAN FOR THE JAPS!

AT AN ALLIED BASE IN THE PACIFIC... AFTER BLACK X HAS RADIOED THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS FLIGHT...

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ALIVE! MASTERS INFORMED US ABOUT THE GERMAN'S ESCAPE AND WE THOUGHT YOU'D BE IN A TIGHT SPOT!

IT WAS A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE FOR A WHILE! BUT WE GOT WHAT WE SET OUT TO GET!



**BLACK X AND BATU DEFY DEATH AND WORSE... ONCE AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS!**



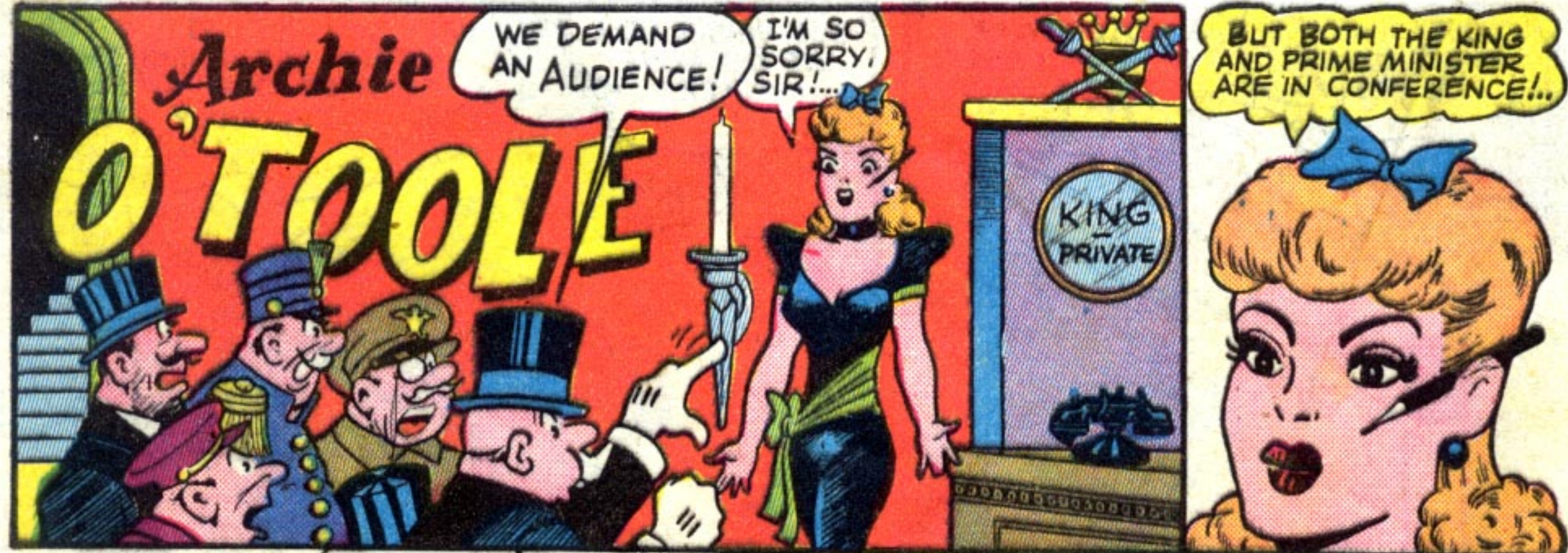
Archie

O'TOOLIE

WE DEMAND AN AUDIENCE!

I'M SO SORRY, SIR!...

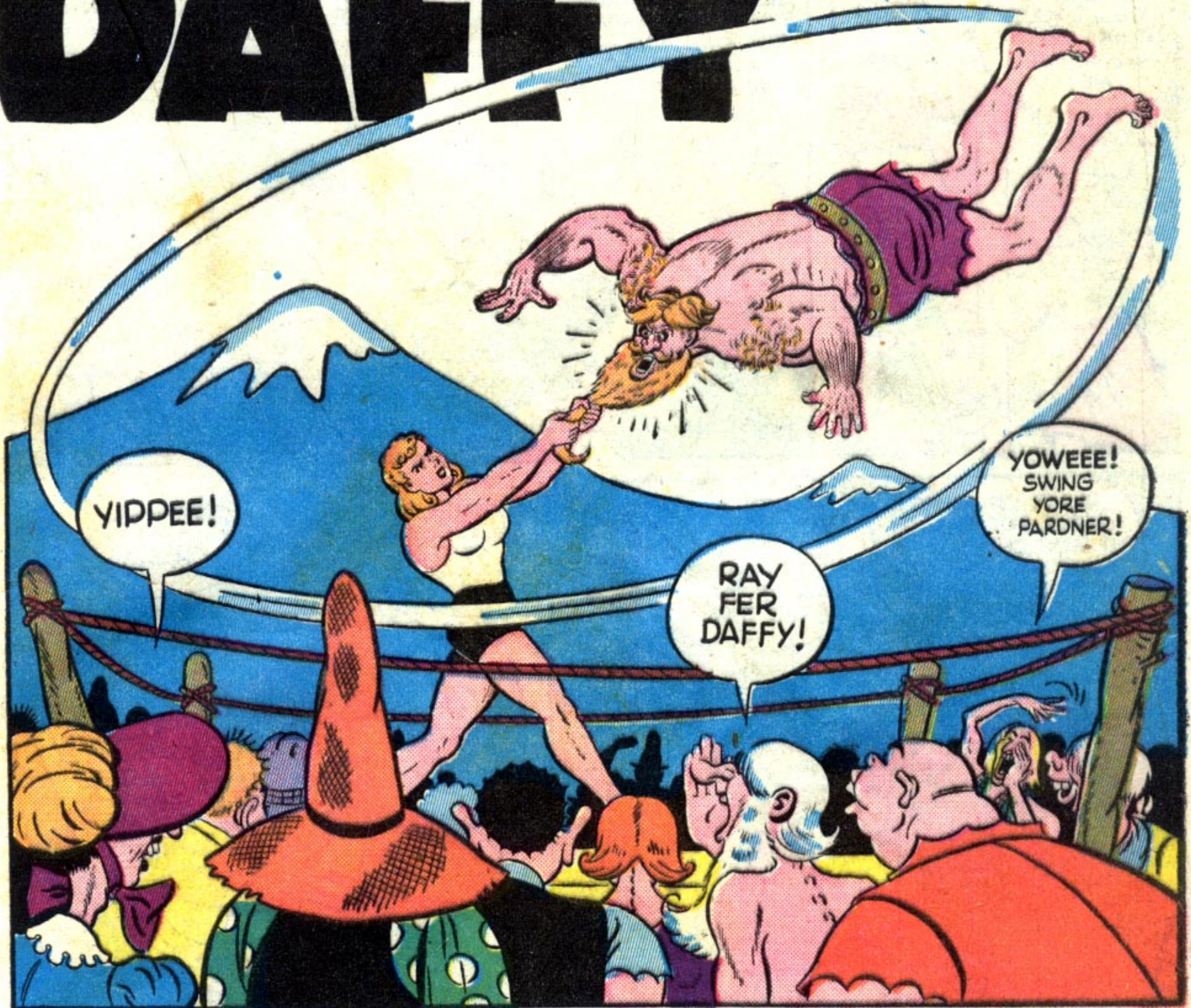
BUT BOTH THE KING AND PRIME MINISTER ARE IN CONFERENCE!!





# DAFFY

THE FEMALE  
WRESTLER

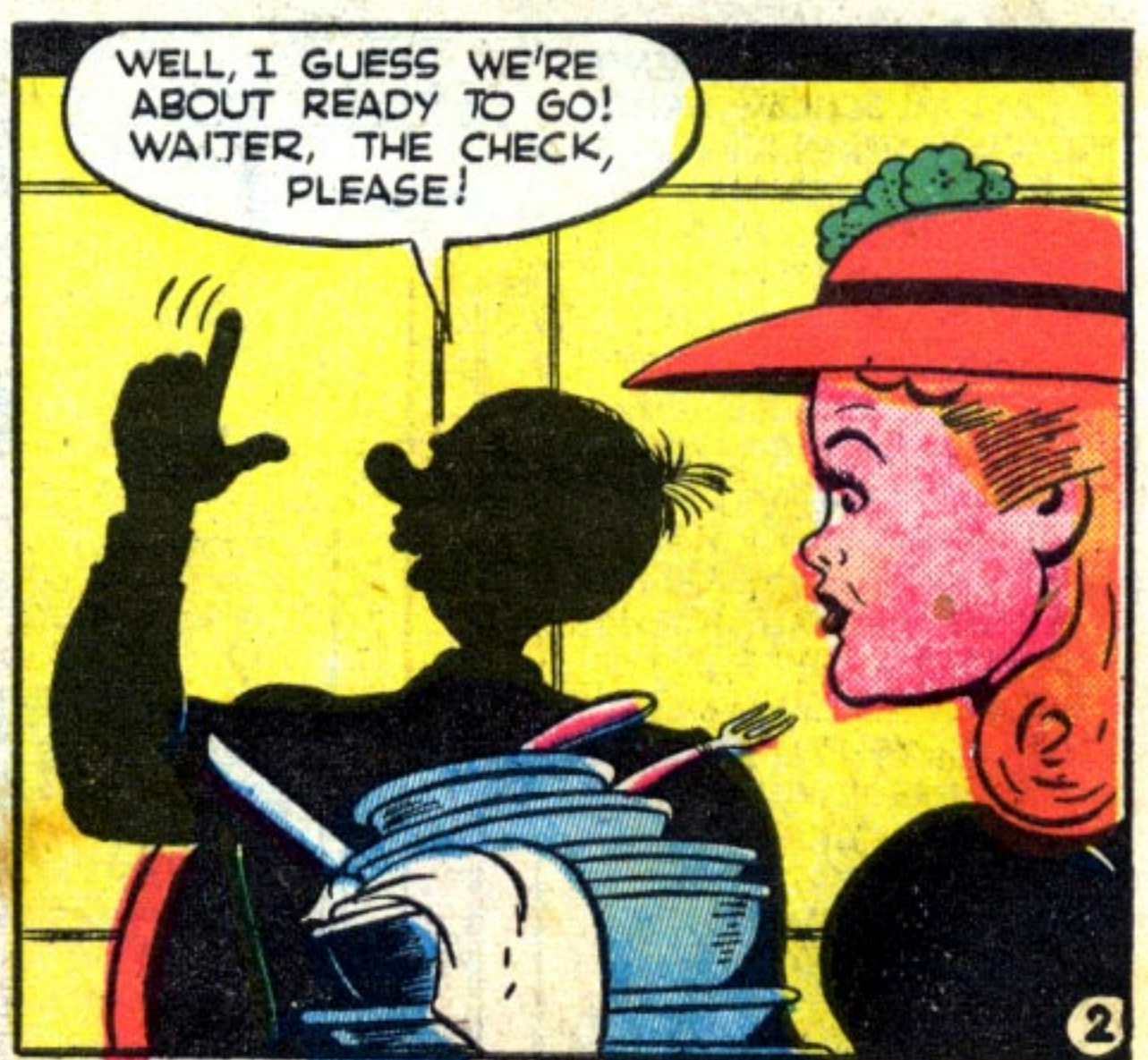


CURVES AND BUMPS AREN'T ALL OUR MUSCULAR HEROINE FROM KOOKASOW HAS... SHE ALSO HAS HER UPS AND DOWNS! AND AS IF THE WORLD DOESN'T LOOK BLACK ENOUGH, WHENEVER THE HONEST, BUT SIMPLE MUSCLE GAL GETS TAKEN OVER THE HURDLES, ALONG COMES DEKE PARSONS TO MAKE SOME SMART MONEY FOR HIMSELF AND TROUBLE FOR HIS TRUSTING LADY FAIR! WELL... THINGS WERE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE IN THE BIG TOWN... BUT THEY HIT THE ABSOLUTE BOTTOM WHEN DAFFY TRIED THE STICKS AGAIN!

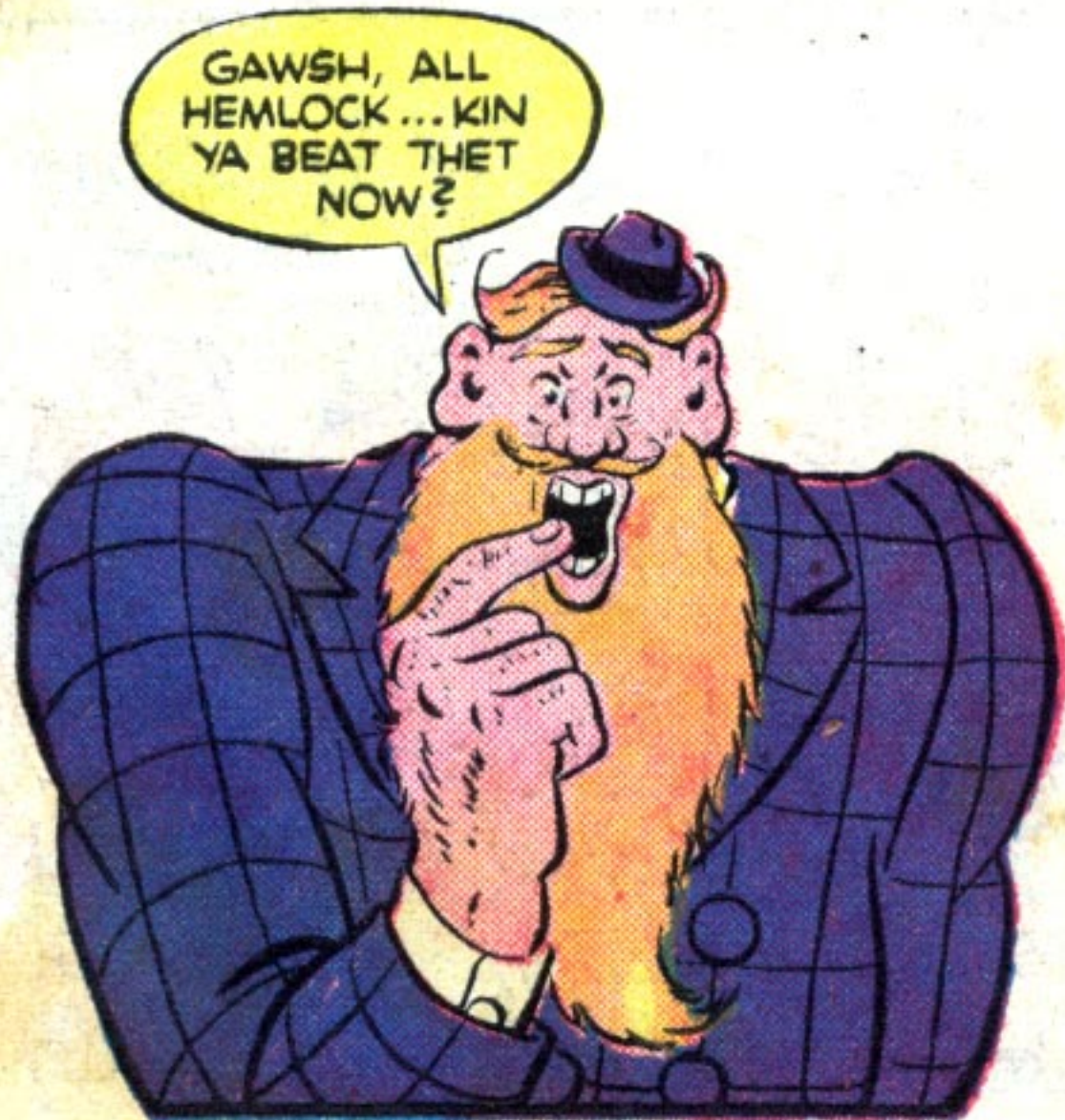
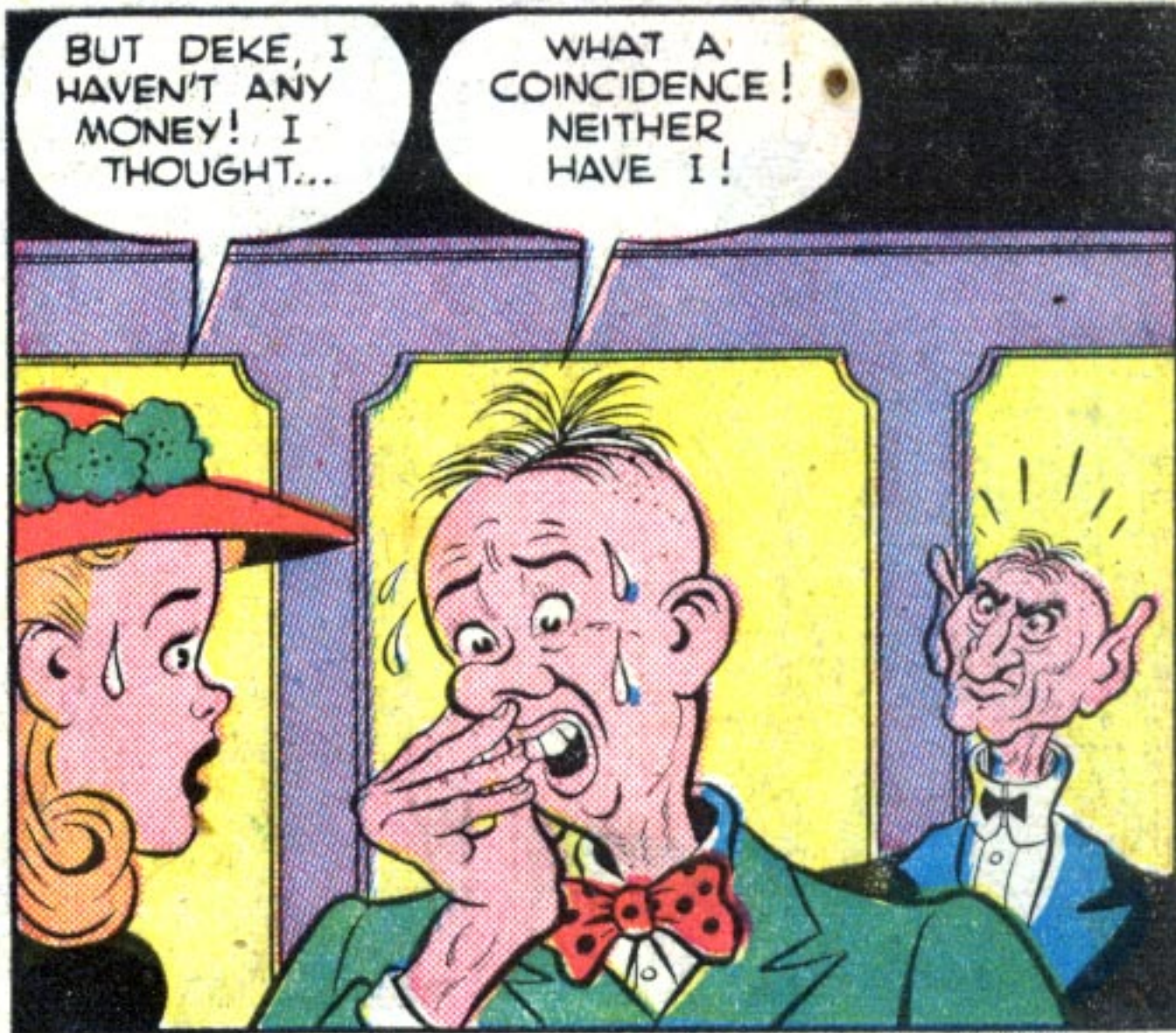
WE FIND DAFFY BROKE, HUNGRY, AND LONELY IN THE BIG CITY...















GAWSH!



KIN AH  
HELP YUH?  
HAW! HAW!

WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

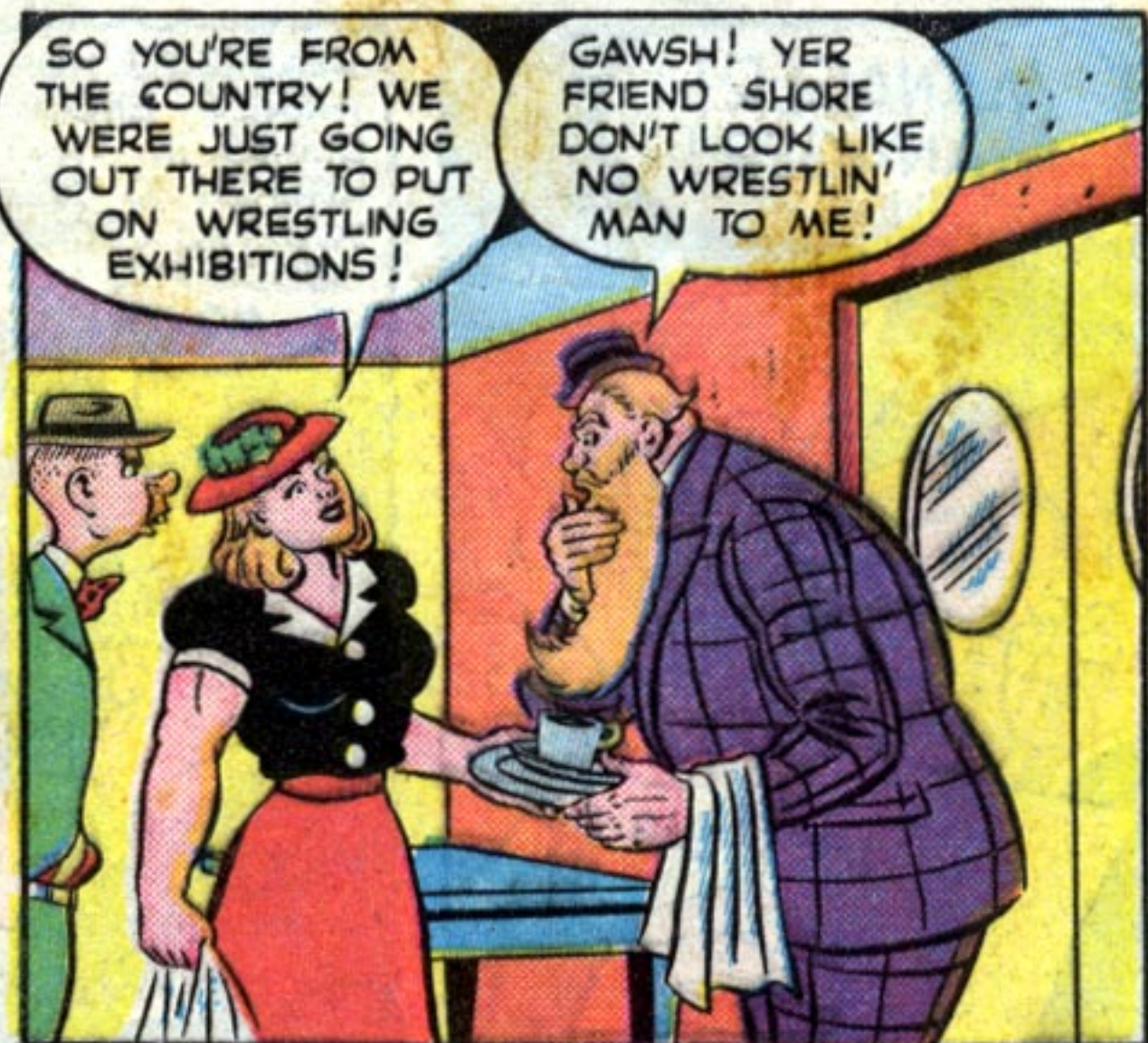


MUH NAME'S EPH! AH'M FROM  
DOWN ARKANSAW WAY! AH  
COME TO THE BIG CITY TO  
SPEND THE MONEY MUH GRAN-  
MAW LEFT ME WHEN SHE DROP-  
PED DAID! BUT AHM ABOUT  
READY TO GO HUM, NOW!



OF COURSE YOU CAN  
HELP, M'LAD! AN EX-  
CELLENT IDEA!

GAWSH!



SO YOU'RE FROM  
THE COUNTRY! WE  
WERE JUST GOING  
OUT THERE TO PUT  
ON WRESTLING  
EXHIBITIONS!

GAWSH! YER  
FRIEND SHORE  
DON'T LOOK LIKE  
NO WRESTLIN'  
MAN TO ME!



APPEARANCES  
ARE OFTEN DE-  
CEPTIVE! I HAVE  
A BIT OF MUSCLE,  
M' BOY!

SHUCKS, DEKE  
DOESN'T WRESTLE!  
HE'S JUST MY  
MANAGER! I'M  
THE WRESTLER!



A LADY WRESTLER!  
GAWSH, I'VE ALWAYS  
FIGURED SOME DAY  
I'M GONNA MARRY  
ME ONE OF THEM!  
YORE SHORE ARE  
PURTY, TOO, DAFFY!

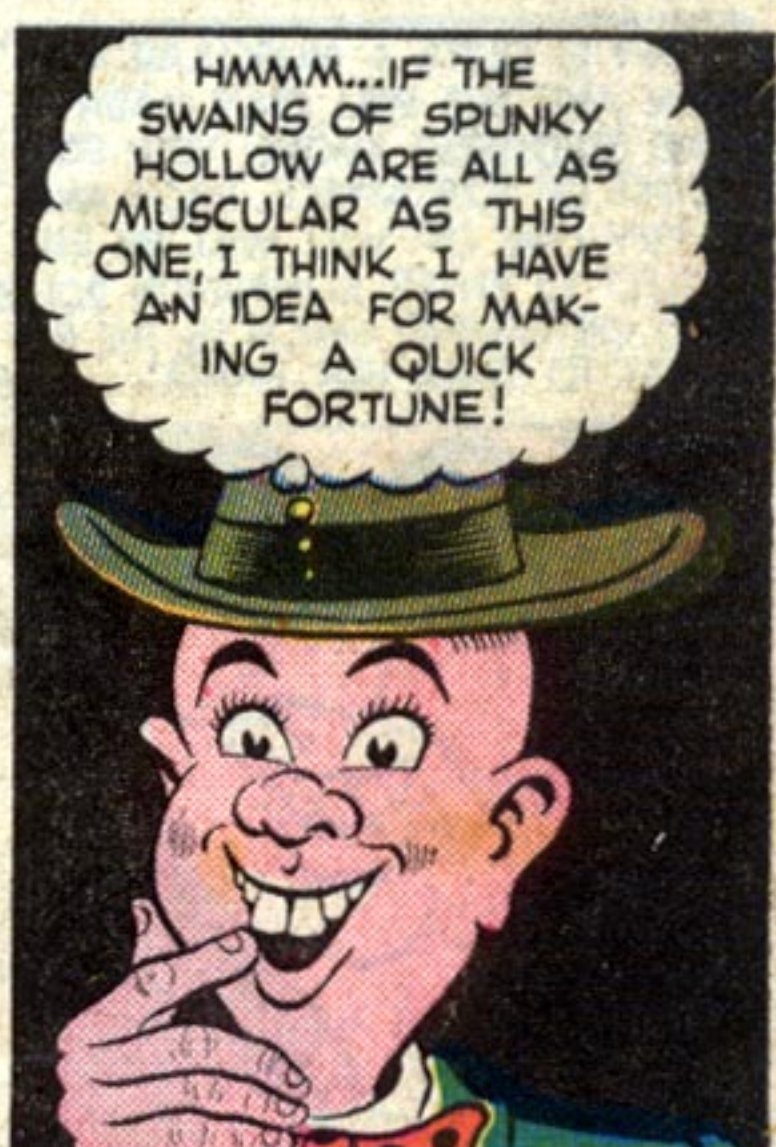
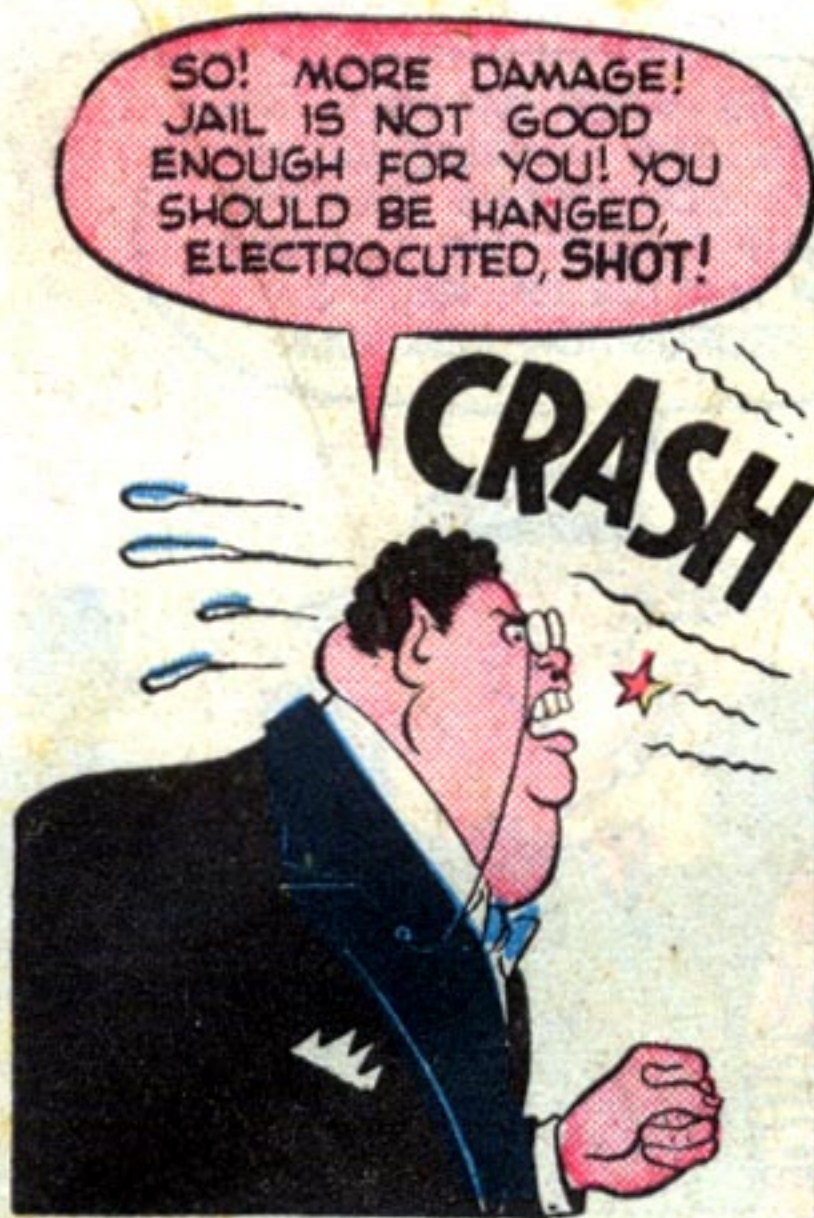
OH, GO  
ON! I  
THINK  
YOU'RE  
KINDA CUTE  
YOURSELF!



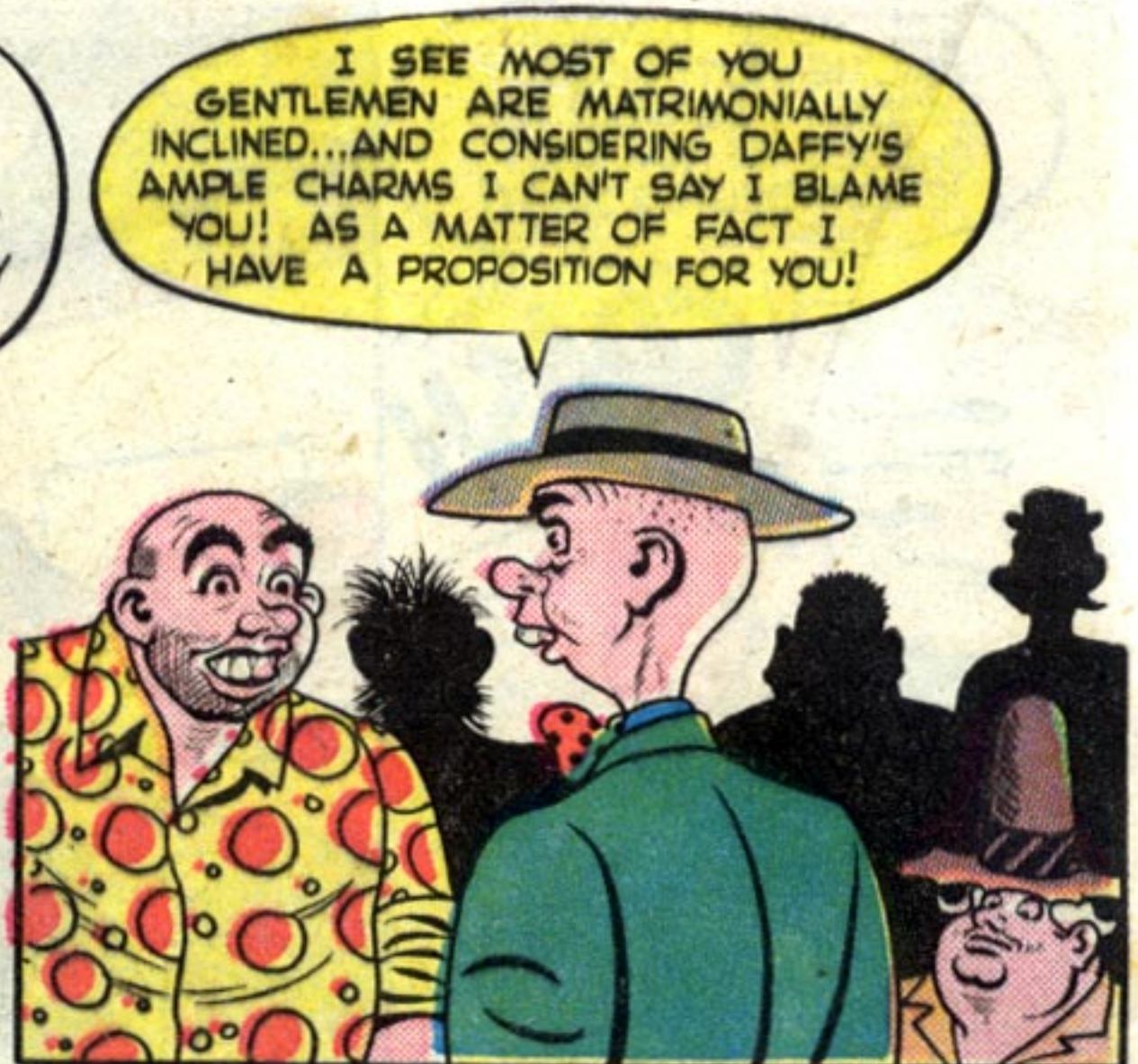
YOU  
DO?

HEY!..  
THE  
DISHES!

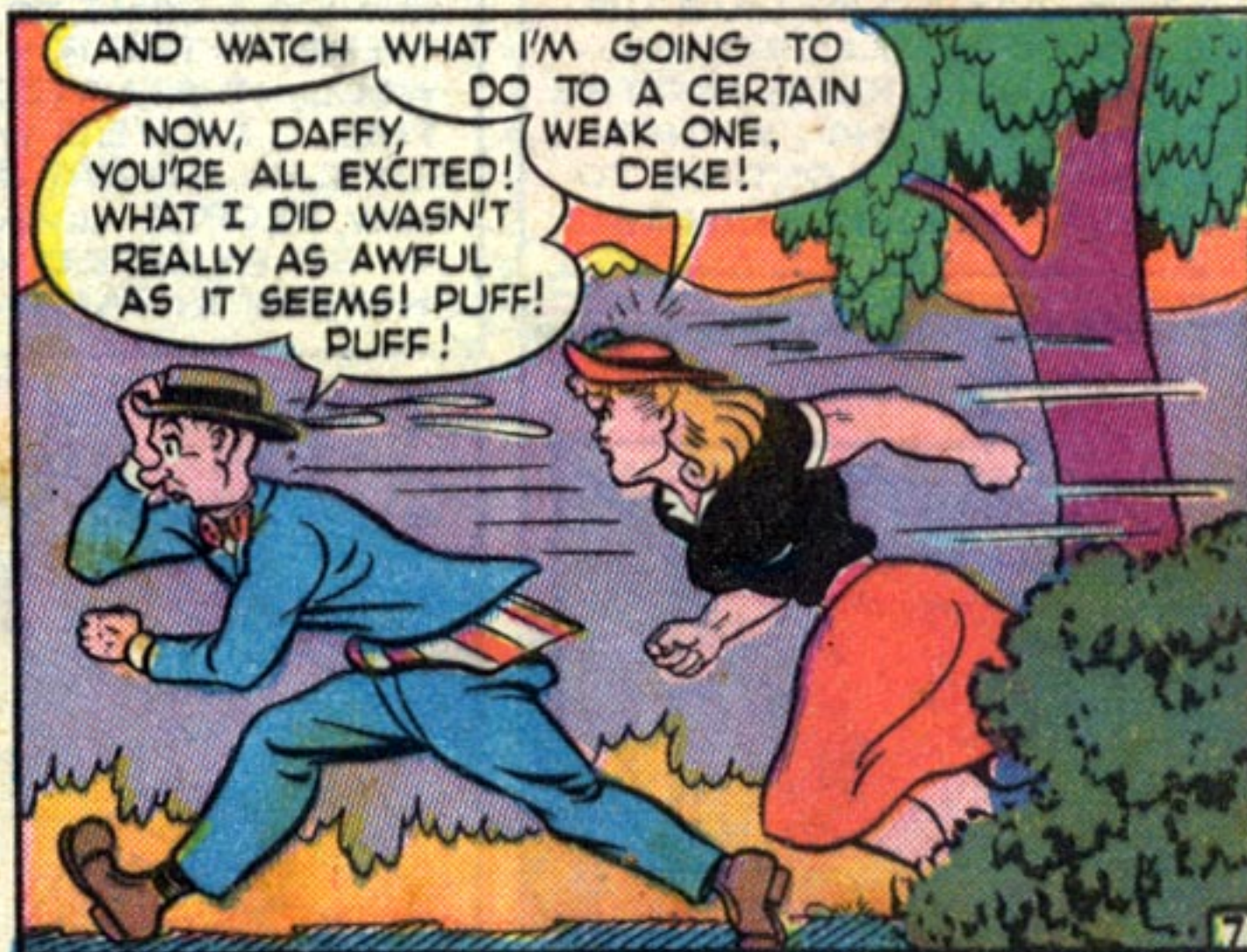














# LADY LUCK

I'M TELLIN' YOU, BOYS... I UNDERSTAND HUMAN NATURE... I DIDN'T LIVE AMONG PEOPLE ALL THESE YEARS FOR NOTHIN'...

By Klaus Nordling

F'INSTANCE, THAT JUICY WORM IS A **PLANT!** SOME SMUG GUY IS ON THE OTHER END FIGURIN' ON OUT-SMARTIN' YOU...

IF YOU'RE AIMIN' TO EASE YOUR APPETITE... JUST BITE OFF THE LOOSE ENDS...

THEN GIVE THE LINE A GOOD YANK, SEE? AND THE DOPE REELS IT IN...

NOW JUST GIVE 'IM TIME TO FUME AN' SWEAR UP THERE.. AN' PRETTY SOON DOWN COMES ANOTHER FAT HANDOUT!

"YEP.. I USED TO LIVE UP THERE, IN A GLASS TANK... VERY LUXURIOUS, AND THE BEST PLUMBING, Y'KNOW... I HAD PLENTY O' TIME TO STUDY HUMAN BEINGS...

"HOW DO I COME TO BE DOWN HERE IN THE RIVER? WELL, IT STARTED LIKE THIS... I LIVED WITH A GUY CALLED **BIG BERNIE**. NOW, PEOPLE ALWAYS SEEM TO BE EXCITED ABOUT NOTHIN' IN PARTICULAR...

"AS WAS THE CASE WHEN TWO INDIVIDUALS (HE HAD THE RATTIEST LOOKIN' FRIENDS) DROP IN ON HIM ALL IN A LATHER..."

WE GOT IT, BERNIE!

NICE WORK.. LET'S SEE IT....



# SMASH COMICS



THE MAGENTA DIAMOND!  
IT'S HOT NOW... BUT ONCE  
WE BREAK IT UP INTO  
BITS, WHO'LL KNOW THE  
DIFFERENCE?



OH, THERE MIGHT BE  
ONE OR TWO WHO  
MIGHT!



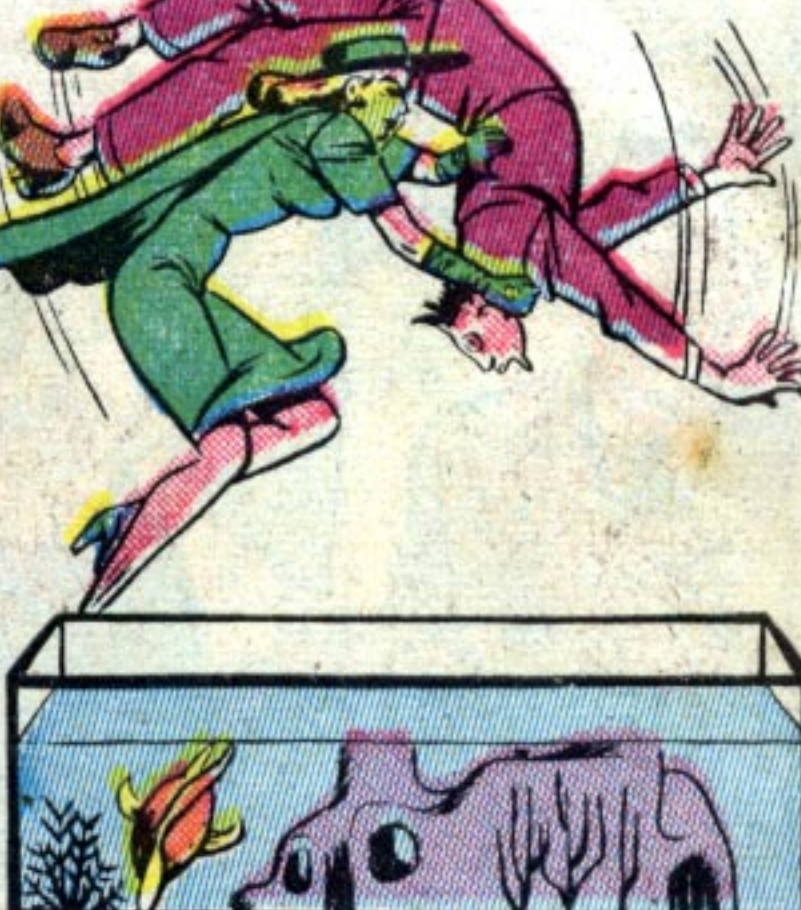
"THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME  
ANYBODY LIKE THIS DROPS  
IN ON THE BOSS... BOY,  
I TOOK A SHINE TO HER  
RIGHT OFF!

LADY LUCK!

"BUT CAN YOU TIE THIS?...  
THOSE GUYS *DON'T LIKE*  
HER!! SOMEONE YELLS,  
'SLUG HER!'

"AN' THEN THINGS START  
HAPPENIN'! BUT THIS LADY  
CAN HANDLE HERSELF!

"BOYS, I NEVER SEEN  
NOTHIN' LIKE IT... ONE, TWO  
THREE.. AN' THE MEN ARE  
AT HER MERCY.. AN' SHE  
STARTS CALLIN' THE COPS..



"BUT THIS RAT IN FRONT O'  
ME QUIETLY SLIPS OUT A  
GAT AND TAKES A BEAD  
ON THE GAL.....

"WELL, SIR, I DON'T GO FOR  
THAT SORT O' BUSINESS..  
SO I PULL ONE O' MY  
FAVORITE STUNTS..."



HEE HEE HEE HAW HAW...  
HA HAWWW



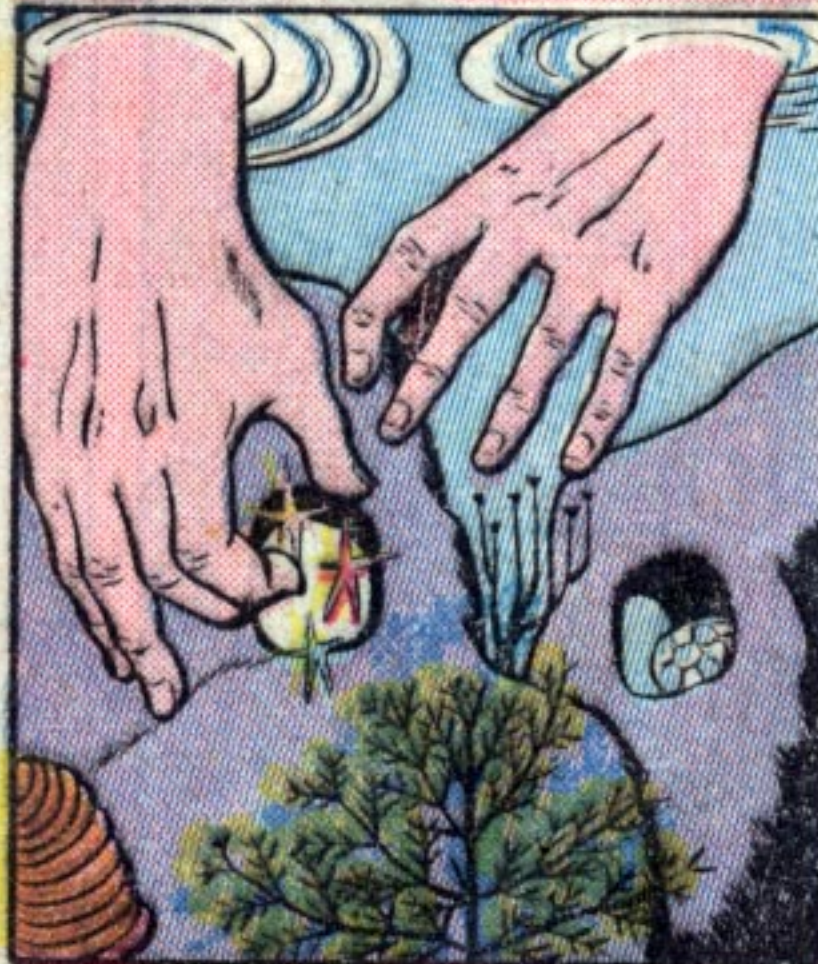


# SMASH COMICS

"WELL, SHE GETS CONTROL OF THE SITUATION... AND, FINALLY, BIG BERNIE PUTS ME BACK IN MY TANK... BUT I SEE A WILY LOOK IN HIS EYE..."



"YEP, IT HAPPENS AGAIN... HE SHOVES ANOTHER SPARKLIN' ROCK INTO MY CASTLE..."



"I'VE TRIED TO TELL 'IM TIME AN' AGAIN HE'S CROWDIN' ME OUT'A HOUSE AN' HOME WITH THESE SPARKLERS IN EVERY NOOK AN' CRANNY..."



"THEN THE LADY NOTICES HIS HANDS ARE WET! SMART GAL!"

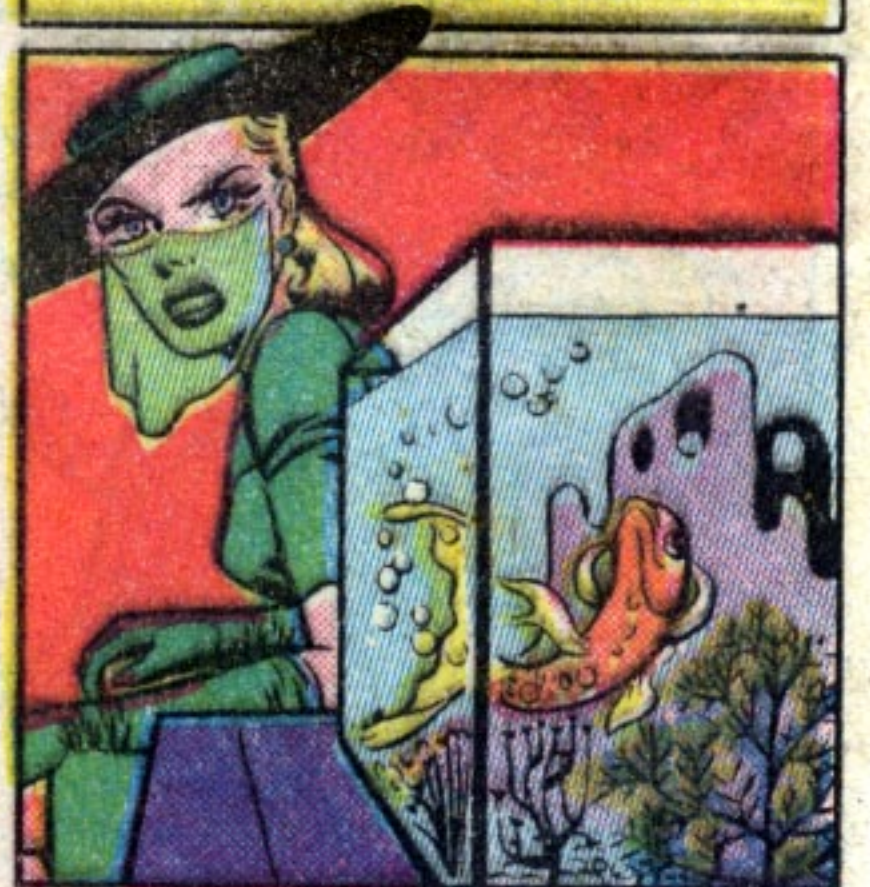


I HADDA PUT MY GOLDFISH BACK, DIDN'T I?

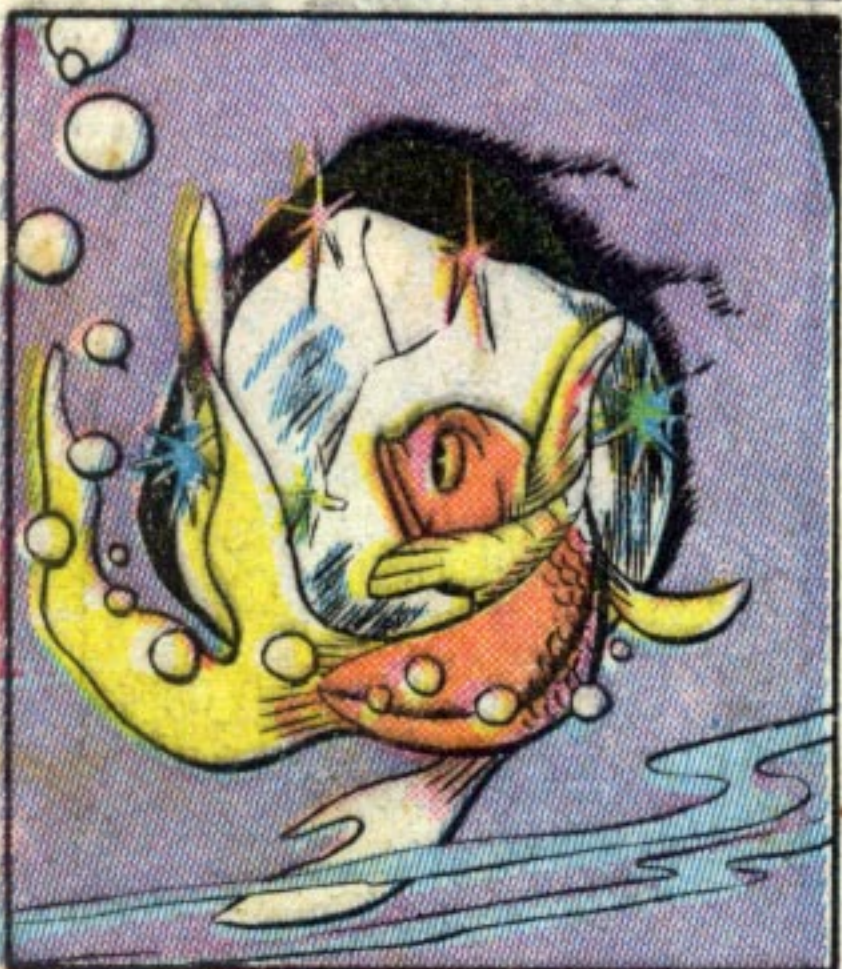
WELL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE A BATH DOING IT!



"SO SHE COMES OVER TO ADMIRE MY SHINY SCALES... BOY, WAS I PROUD! I STARTED SHOWIN' OFF MY SWIMMIN' STUNTS..."



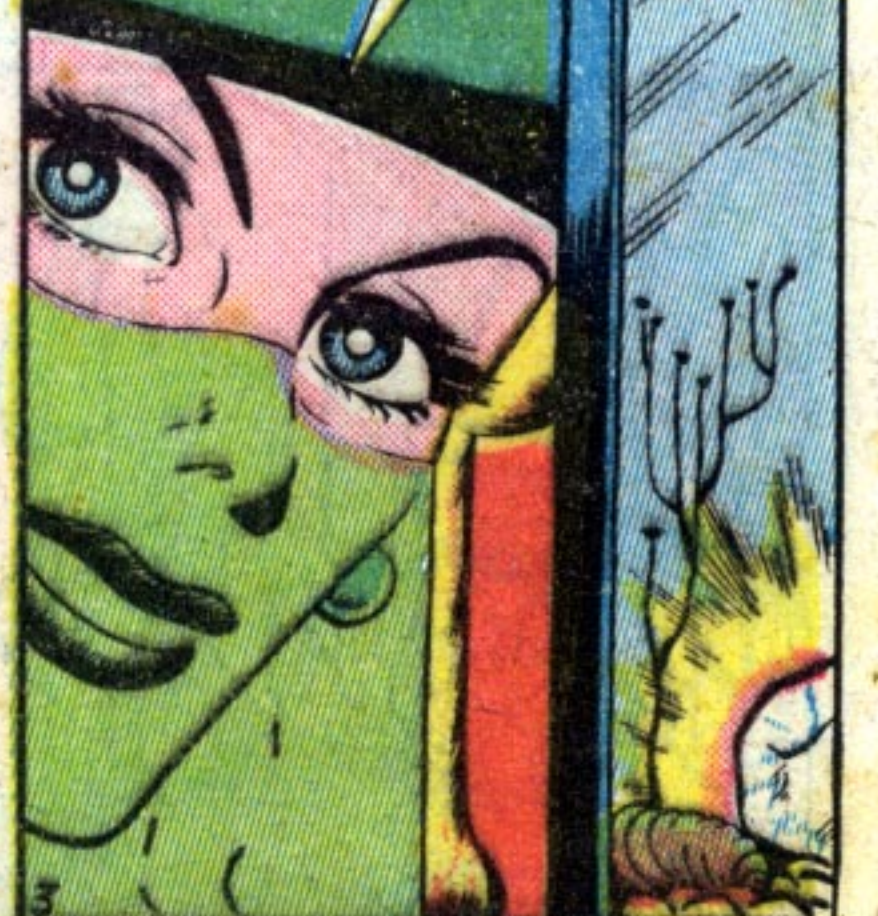
"BUT THIS DARN BIG SPARKLER WAS JAMMED IN MY FAVORITE HOLE..."



"WELL, SIR, WITH A MIGHTY POWER DIVE, I POKED THE DRATTED ROCK OUTA THERE!"

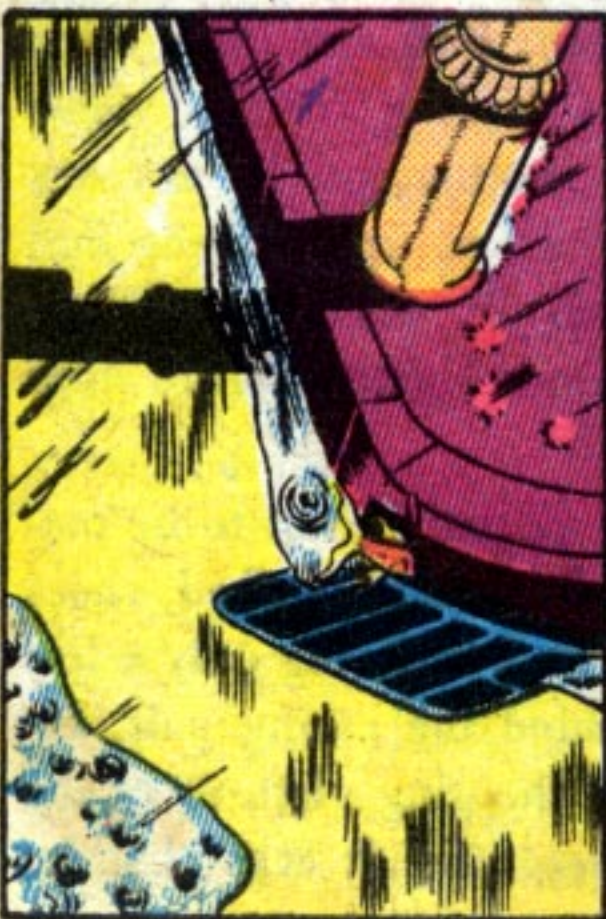
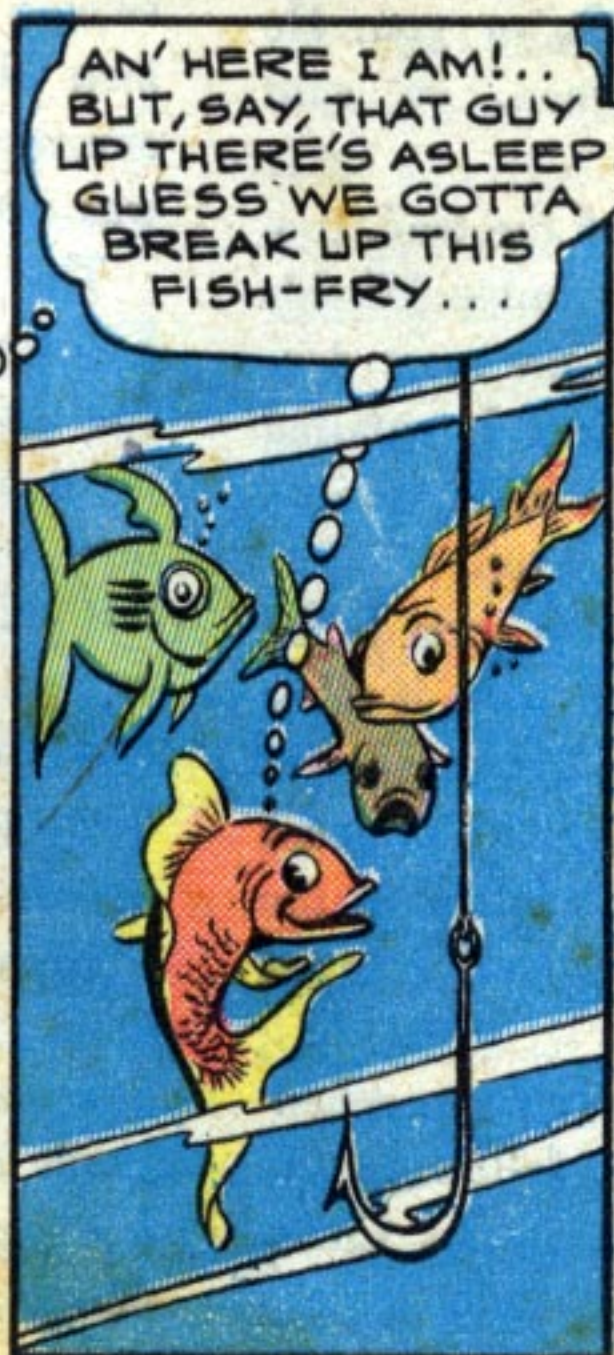
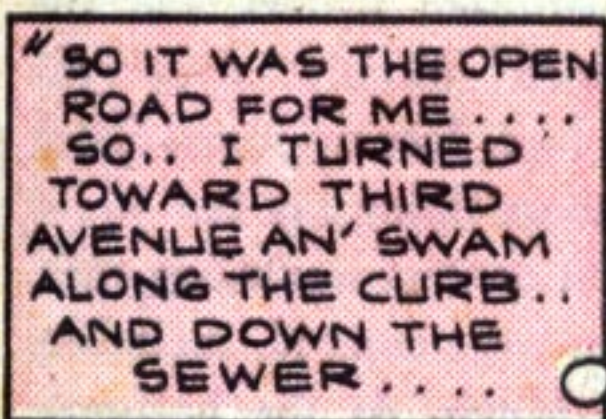
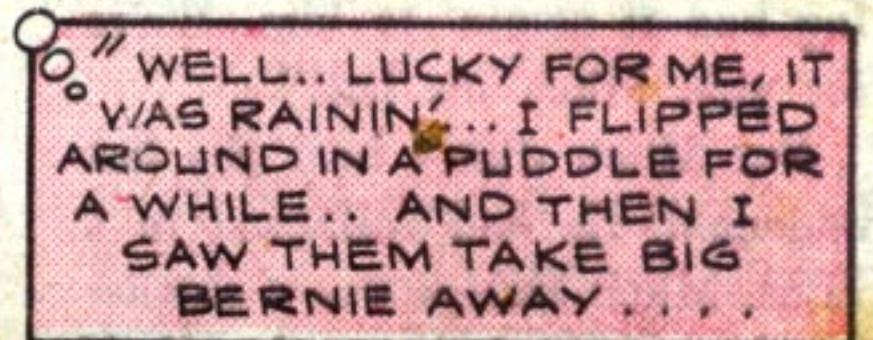
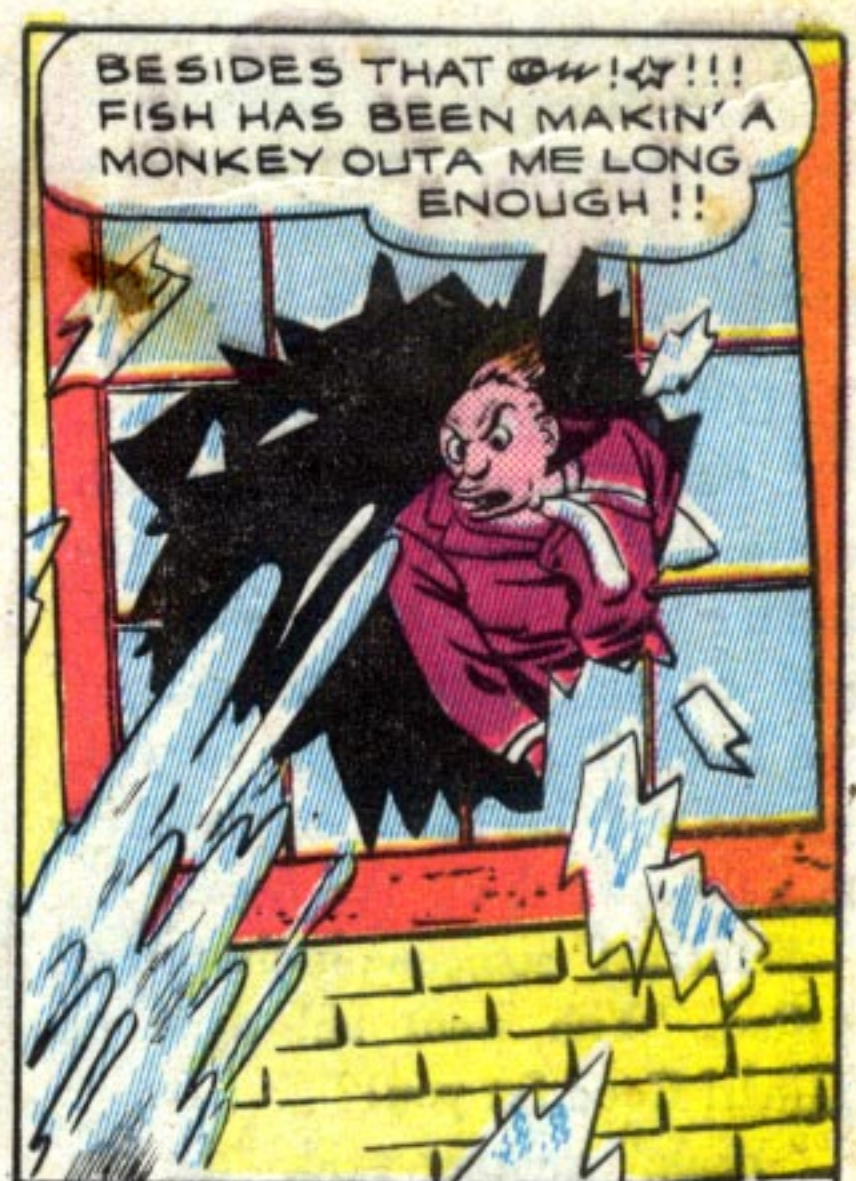


AHA! IF IT ISN'T THE MAGENTA DIAMOND IN PERSON!





SMASH COMICS





# The CAMERA *is the* JUDGE

**B**LOOD dripping into his eyes, Bull Groton charged at Mitch again. Bull slashed blindly at the lighter man, but Mitch sidestepped, clipping Bull on the side of the head. The big logger swayed, groped with his hands and crashed face-downward on the floor.

"Hurrray!" someone in the crowd yelled. "Yuh went an' done it, Mitch! Good fer you!"

"Yeah," another said, "the big lug had it comin' to him. We're fer yuh, Mitch me lad!"

But Mitch didn't hear the last comment. He had collapsed in a faint. Mitch Dallas was a slender youth, not much more than half Bull Groton's weight. But whatever he lacked in avoirdupois, he made up in boxing science. Bull had none, only the pile-driving force of his big fists.

Bull had resented Mitch from the first day of his arrival at Mill No. 7. He had picked several fights with the younger man and beaten him to a pulp. Mitch was an eager, honest lad and the men liked him. They hated Bull for his baiting and wished they might run him out of camp. But Bull was well entrenched in the North Star Lumber Company. As super of Mill No. 7 he had complete authority to hire and fire anybody except executives. Why he didn't boot Mitch out was evident: he loved to boot the youngster himself.

Mitch was coming to now, and Bull showed signs of awakenng. Someone gave Mitch a drink of hot coffee.

"You've made a mighty bad enemy, lad," a jack told him. "Mebbe it'd be better if you beat it.

Not but I'd hate to see yuh goin', 'cause yer th' best darn topper in the hull woods!"

Mitch was that; he knew it. He shook his head. "I'm staying." He got to his feet, a bit wobbly and looked down at Bull's recumbent form. Both the big man's eyes were closed—beaten shut. His lips were cut to a pulp, and an ugly bruise showed on his temple. Mitch saw that he'd done a mighty good job. He was sore all over and one eye was closing rapidly. He wondered, without any apprehension, what Bull would do.

Bull had things planned for Mitch, all right! Not nice things. Bull never forgot. He was also patient and could bide his time. He kept out of Mitch's way, for which the latter was glad. Not that he feared the big super, but he felt that the next time they tangled it might be disastrous. Everybody knew that Bull wasn't above using a knife, or gun. He had killed two men, so said legend.

Mitch kept out of the way, too. No use looking for trouble. Mitch's job was dangerous, the most dangerous job in logging. It entailed climbing to the top of high trees and sawing off the top.

It took a guy with guts to be a topper. Mitch had what it takes and he liked his job. It gave him a thrilling sense of achievement to climb hundreds of feet in the air and saw the head off a forest giant.

A mammoth log run was scheduled for the week following the Mitch-Groton battle. Jimmy Christian, well known explorer and

crime expert, came up from California to witness the exciting event.

A log run is a thrilling drama to watch, especially for the first time. Jimmy had brought along a 16 mm. movie camera and intended to 'shoot' the event. Jimmy had seen several log runs and other logging events, but always he was intrigued by them.

It was to be a form of log-rolling rodeo, with prizes offered for the various contests. Mitch had entered several. So had Bull Groton. There were those who felt that trouble would evolve out of this event.

Trouble did.

The logs, tight-packed, were held in a mile-wide dam. When the time came for their release, several charges of dynamite did the trick. The logs started moving, with thunderous noises, and rapidly got under way in the swift river. Bull Groton bellowed orders and the men leaped nimbly over the churning logs, freeing jams. Mitch was out there doing his bit.

The first contest was a log race. Eight men were entered, including Bull and Mitch. At the half-mile point Mitch, Bull and three other men were leading. Two of these fell off; another got in a cross-current and lost way, putting Bull and Mitch in the lead. Mitch, many pounds lighter, slowly drew away.

Jimmy Christian, not to be outdone, had donned spiked shoes and was on a huge log only a few yards behind the racing pair. He had been shooting pictures of the entire event. So it was that he



## SMASH COMICS

saw the whole thing. Mitch was five feet ahead of Bull when the latter stabbed out with his pike and spun Mitch's log viciously. Caught off guard, Mitch was hurled into the icy water. No one saw Bull's dirty trick except Jimmy. A cheer went up from the onlookers as Bull shot across the finish line.

Jimmy helped to pull Mitch out of the water. He said nothing at the time about Bull's treachery, but he was fully prepared to expose the big super when the time came.

The remaining events of the day went off without mishap. Bull won two more contests. Jimmy shot film of everything.

The next day, the company opened up a new timber tract several miles from camp. Nearly the entire gang of loggers moved to the new area. Mitch had plenty of work lined up; every one of the lofty evergreens had to be topped.

Jimmy had become pretty well acquainted with Mitch and had found him a cheery, likeable chap. Jimmy didn't hesitate to warn Mitch that Bull was out for his hide.

"I know," said Mitch. "I also know he spun my log yesterday. I'll get even yet."

A donkey engine, steel cables and various other equipment had been moved to the new tract and hurriedly set up. In topping a tree, it is sometimes necessary to attach a cable to the top in order to pull it a certain direction when the trunk is sawed through. The cable is drawn by a windlass fastened to the donkey engine.

Jimmy spent the next few days shooting pictures of various phases in the logging industry. And, incidentally, keeping an eye on Bull. He sensed that the big super

was cooking up some skullduggery.

Mitch was very busy, so had little opportunity to associate with Jimmy. The latter had gone aloft once and filmed the dangerous stunt of topping. He had got a big thrill when the top crashed down, causing the huge conifer to sway in an arc as if caught in a gale.

The explosives, generally used to free log jams, were stored in a shack about five hundred yards from the men's sleeping barracks. Only Bull had a key to the lock and he issued all explosives to the men whenever required.

It was slightly more than coincidence when, on the evening before Jimmy had intended leaving, a log across a stream near camp blew up. It *happened* that Mitch was walking across the log at about the middle when the explosion came, hurling him into the cold water.

Mitch received only minor bruises and a ducking, but it was a miracle that he had not been blown to bits; the log was blasted to shreds. Had he been nearer one end, it would have been curtains for the North Star's best topper.

Suspicion naturally pointed to Bull, but there was no proof of his guilt, and Mitch wisely said nothing to incriminate him. There was no question in anyone's mind, however, that Bull Groton had tried to murder Mitch.

But Bull was inexorable.

Early the next morning, Mitch was far aloft topping a big fir. Jimmy, intrigued by the number of deer in the woods, had gone afield to shoot some movies. At about nine o'clock, he heard a commotion in the bushes and discovered two deer fighting, their antlers lowered in the unique manner deer have of battling each other. He shot pictures of the fas-

cinating contest, and was about to frighten the deer off when he saw, about fifty feet away, a man skulking along a deer trail. It was Bull, and he carried a bow and arrow. He didn't see Jimmy as he was peering straight ahead and slightly upward. But Jimmy followed him.

Bull stopped and fitted an arrow to his bow. Then drawing back, he let go. The shaft shot upward at a fifty-degree angle. Jimmy kept his camera trained on the Bowman. Bull's arrow disappeared in the top of a tree which Mitch was working on, sawing off its top.

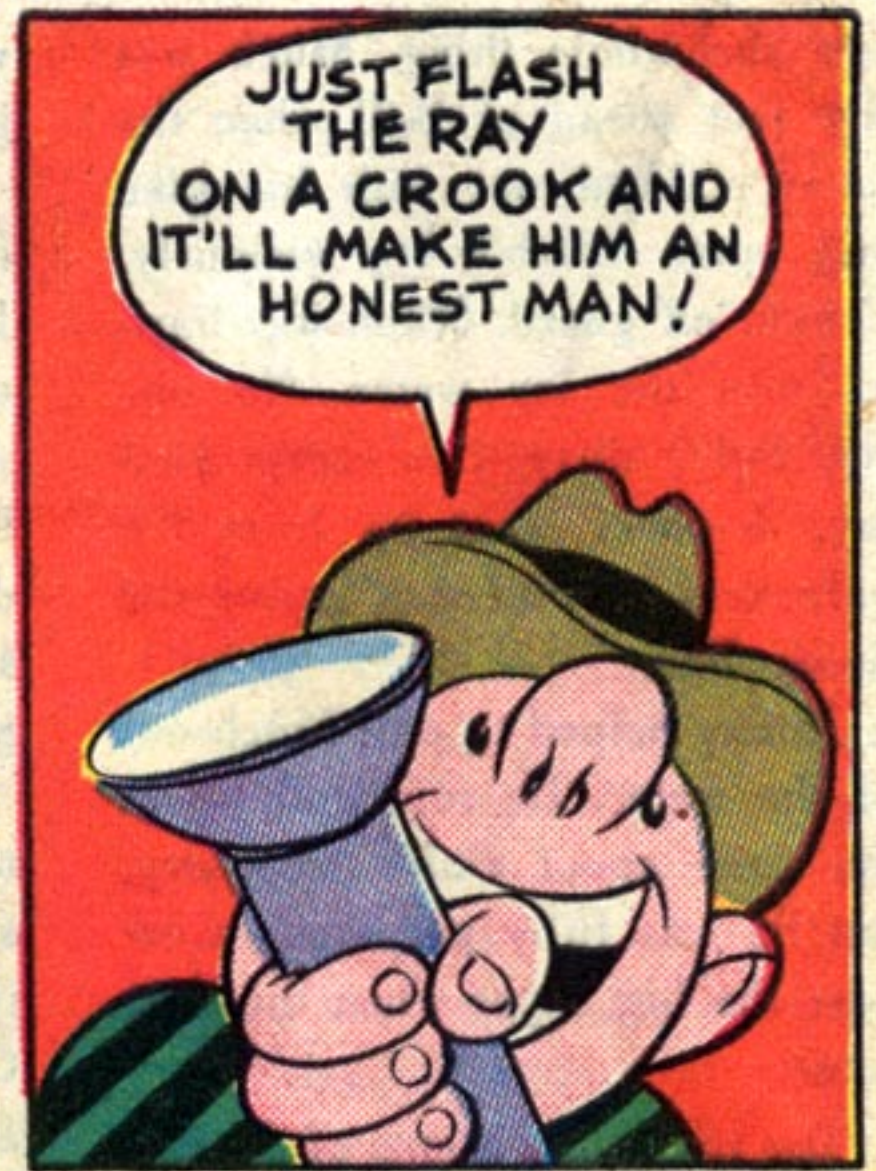
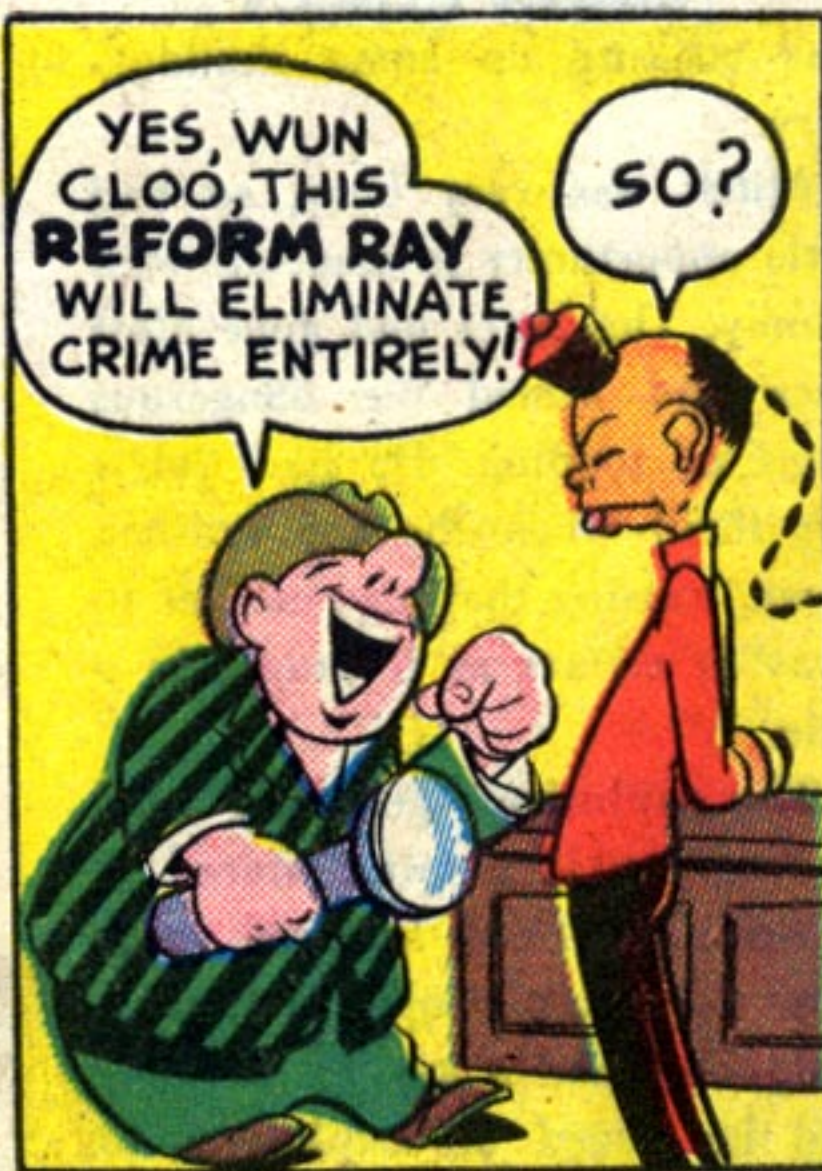
Bull waited, and Jimmy could see a wolfish gleam in the man's small eyes when he turned his head once. Then, when the top began to bend outward, and loud cracks resounded through the woods, Bull began pulling on a tiny steel line which Jimmy hadn't seen before.

It suddenly struck Jimmy that Bull was doing something very strange. He stopped the camera and shouted, dashing toward the tree where Mitch clung. But already the huge top was crashing down. Mitch's scream shattered the air, and then the top crashed earthward, carrying him with it. The top had fallen in the direction Bull had pulled.

They found Mitch dead under the top later. They also found the arrow and attached to it a thin steel cable. But, although they could plainly see what had happened, they could not prove Bull's guilt. Not until Jimmy showed his movies, a few days later, in a Portland court room.

Bull Groton was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. And all because of a small movie camera, and the tenacity of Jimmy Christian.







# THE MARKSMAN

**E**VER SINCE THE HORDES OF BARBARIC NAZIS SWARMED OVER THE POLISH FRONTIER AND GROUND UNDER THAT UNHAPPY LAND WITH THEIR BRUTAL GESTAPO, THESE GOOSESTEPPING CONQUERORS HAVE BEEN PLAGUED BY THE ACTIVITIES OF THE MARKSMAN WHO DEFIES ALL THEIR RIGID RULES AND HOLDS HIGH THE LIGHT OF HOPE FOR HIS DOWNTRODDEN COUNTRYMEN.

THE MARKSMAN EVEN ENTERS THE RANKS OF THE ENEMY DISGUISED AS MAJOR HURTZ AND WITH HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT VORKA SUCCESSFULLY EVADES ALL NAZI ATTEMPTS TO TRAP HIM... UNTIL FRAULEIN HALUNKE, THE CLEVER GERMAN AMAZON, GETS ON HIS TRAIL AND THINGS START POPPING...





IN HITLERITE GERMANY A SECRET CONFERENCE TAKES PLACE BEHIND CLOSED DOORS...

AS LONG AS SCHLAGEN IS TO BE LIQUIDATED I PROPOSE WE USE HIM TO LURE THE MARKSMAN INTO A TRAP. I HAVE A PLAN BY WHICH WE MAY CATCH THE POLISH PIG AND AT THE SAME TIME ELIMINATE SCHLAGEN! I WILL NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF FRAULEIN HALUNKE!

HERR SCHLAGEN, THE PROTECTOR OF POLAND, HAS AGAIN FAILED TO CAPTURE THE MARKSMAN. I SUGGEST HE BE SENT TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

FRAULEIN HALUNKE, THE WOMAN ATHLETE? HMM... CALL HER IN!

I WILL NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF FRAULEIN HALUNKE!



LATER...IN MAJOR HURTZ'S OFFICE IN POLAND.

MASTER...I MEAN MAJOR HURTZ...THE GESTAPO IS BRINGING A PEASANT GIRL IN FROM THE COUNTRY TO BE SCHLAGEN'S SLAVE!

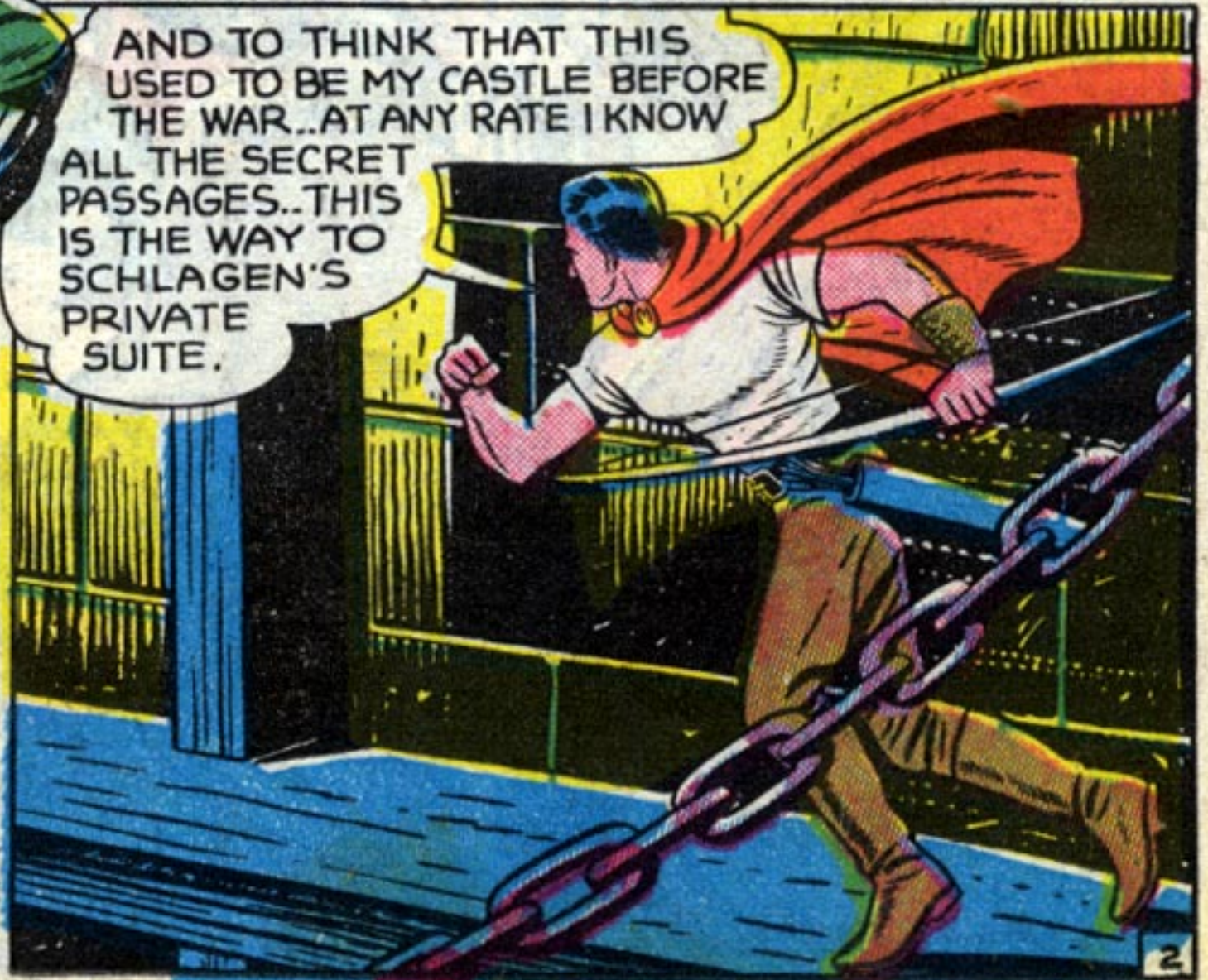
GOOD WORK, VORKA! AS THE MARKSMAN I'LL DO MY BEST TO SAVE HER FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

FRAULEIN HALUNKE, WE HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU TO PERFORM IN POLAND. YOU ARE TO CATCH THE MARKSMAN. THIS IS THE PLAN...BZZ...BZZ...

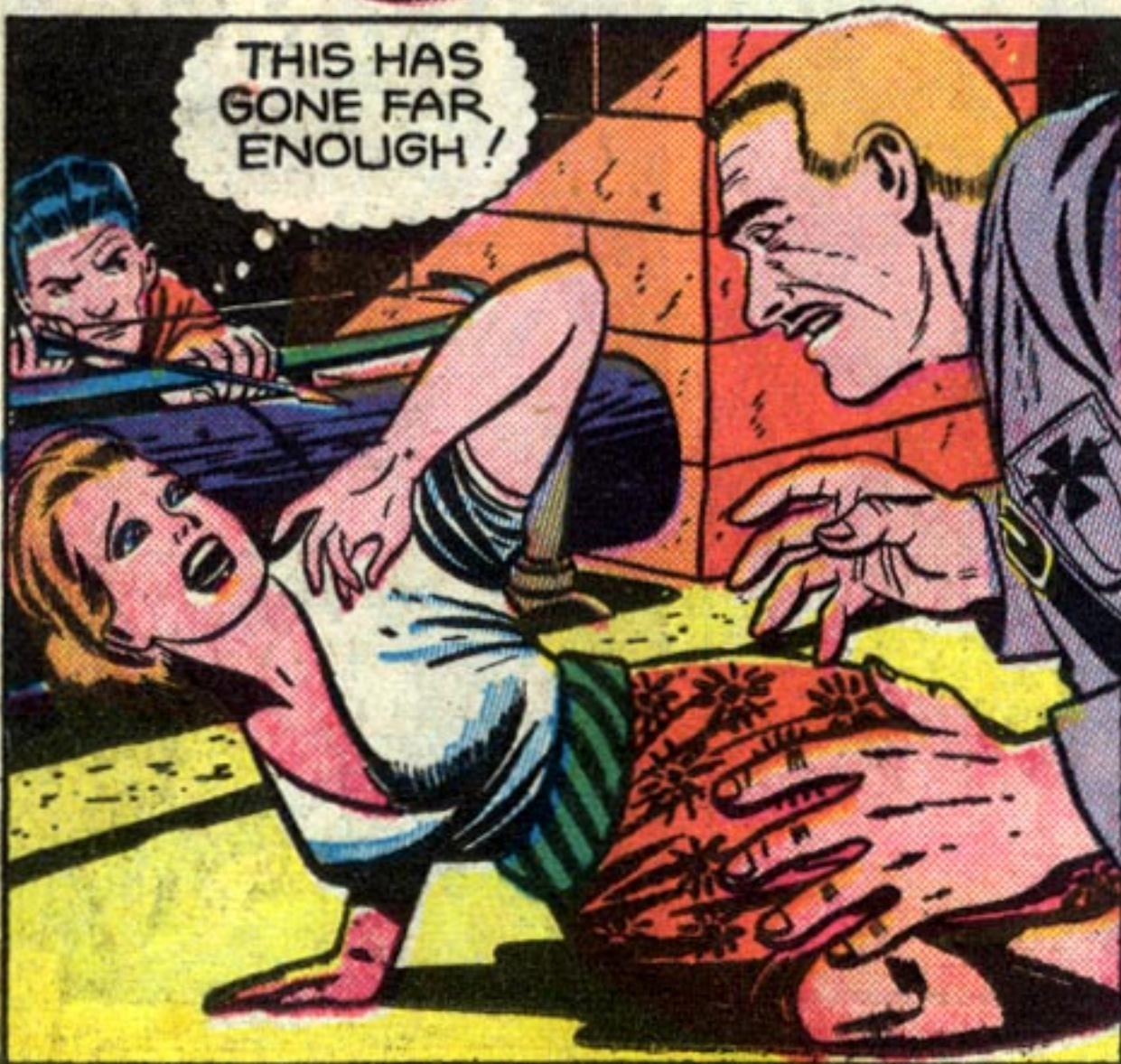
GOOD! GOOD! AND I CAN SPEAK POLISH!



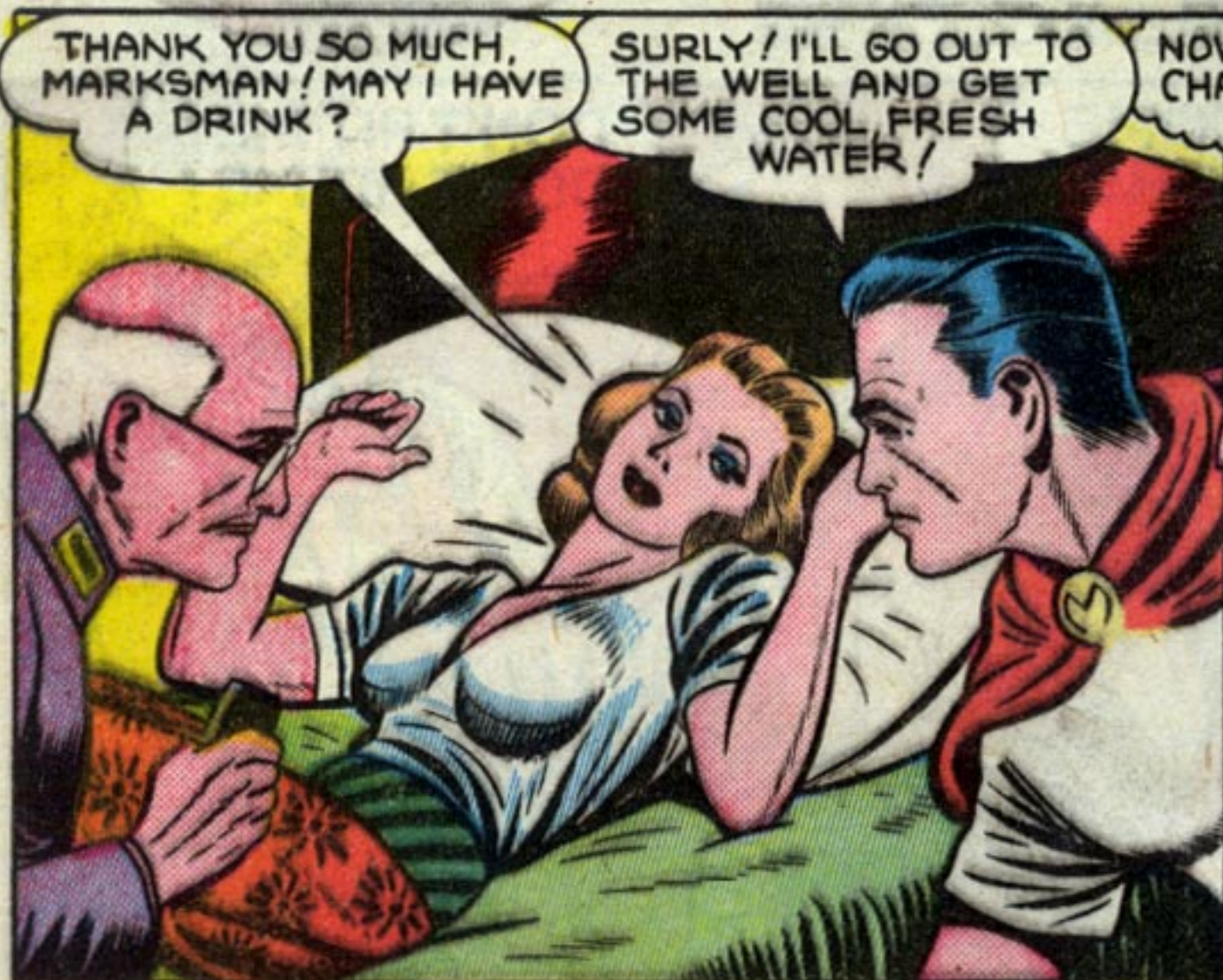
AND TO THINK THAT THIS USED TO BE MY CASTLE BEFORE THE WAR...AT ANY RATE I KNOW ALL THE SECRET PASSAGES..THIS IS THE WAY TO SCHLAGEN'S PRIVATE SUITE.







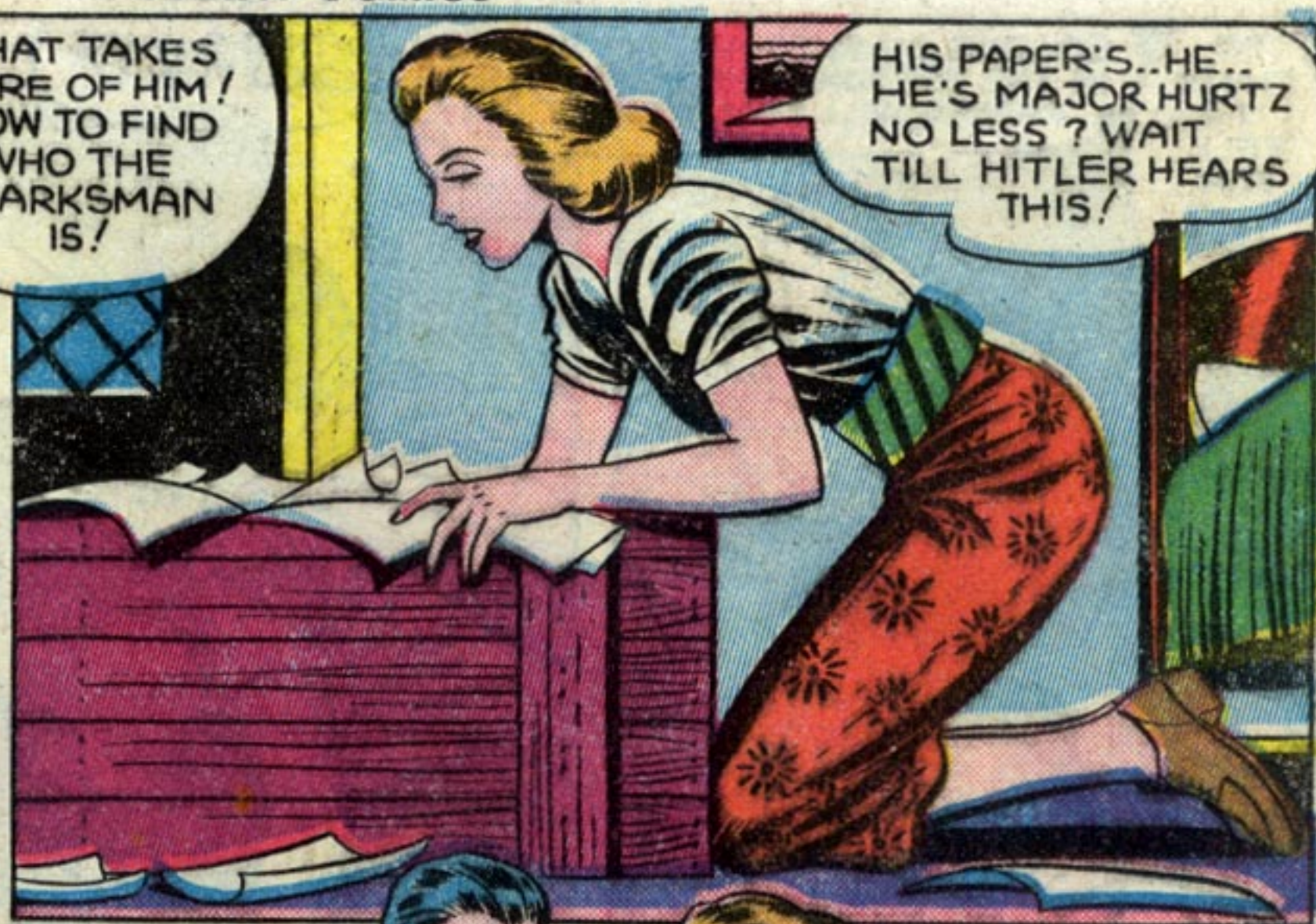








THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! NOW TO FIND WHO THE MARKSMAN IS!



HIS PAPER'S... HE... HE'S MAJOR HURTZ NO LESS? WAIT TILL HITLER HEARS THIS!



HERE'S YOUR GLASS OF - HUH?

GREETINGS, MAJOR HURTZ! SO THE SECRET'S OUT AT LAST! HA.. HA! YOU ARE GOING TO DIE A THOUSAND HORRIBLE DEATHS!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WON'T HAND YOU OVER TO THE UNDERGROUND? WE ALSO KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH SPIES!

HEIL HITLER!

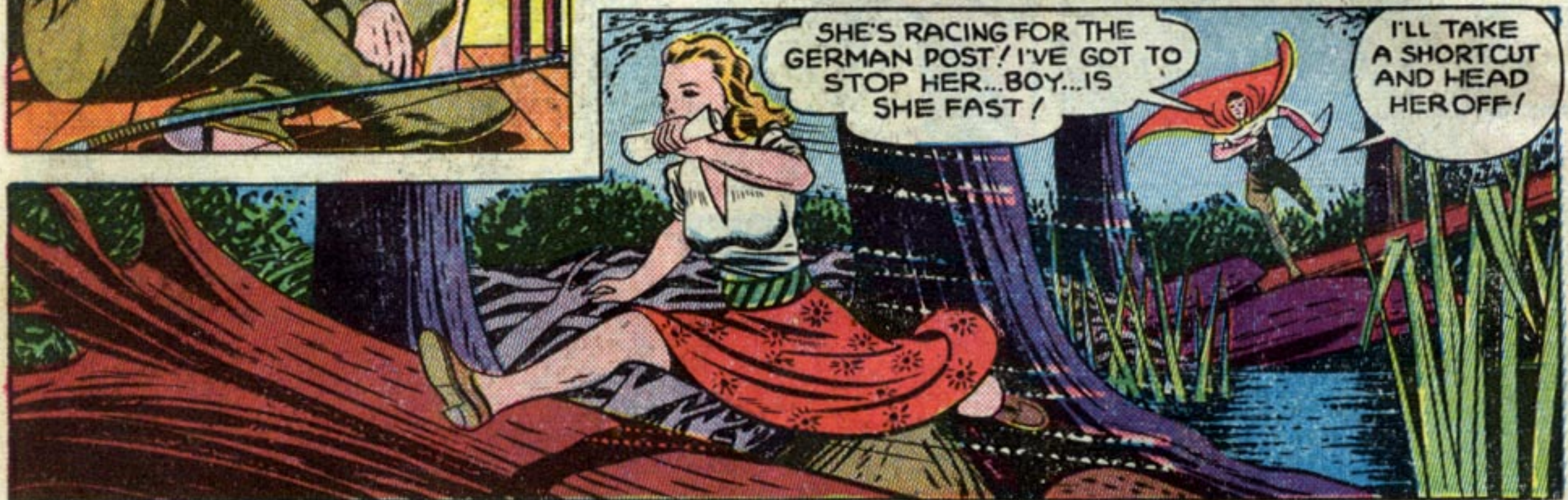


WHO-



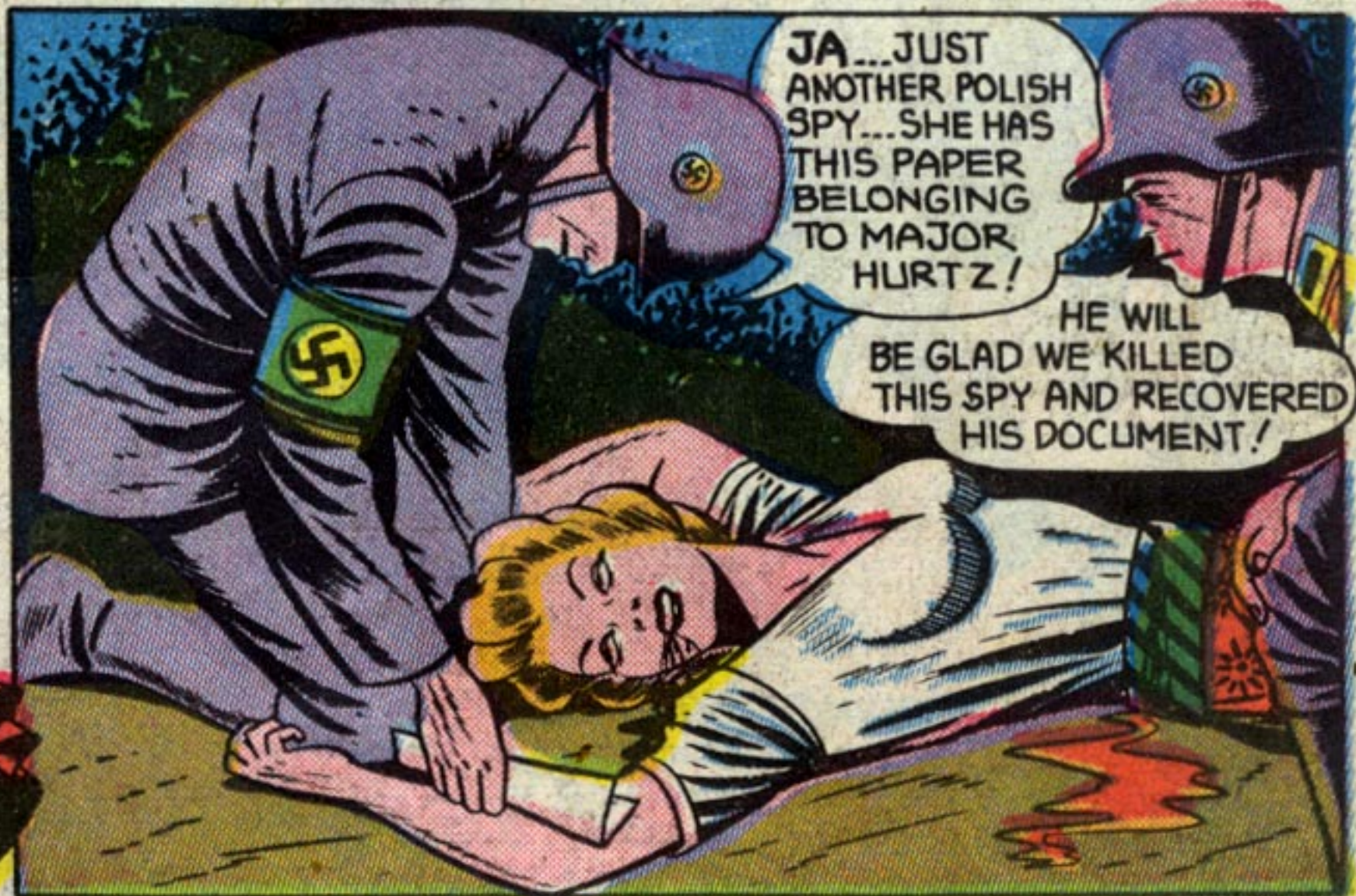
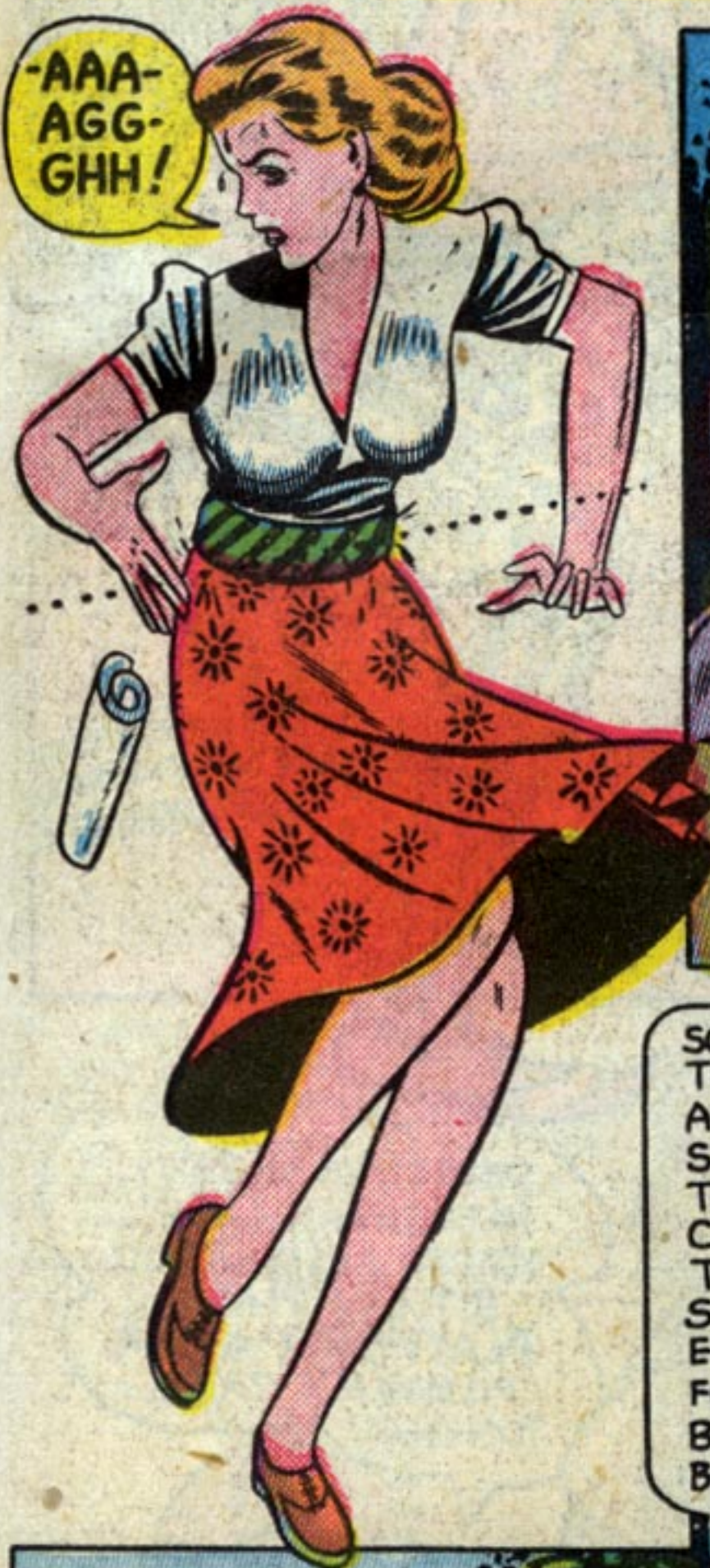
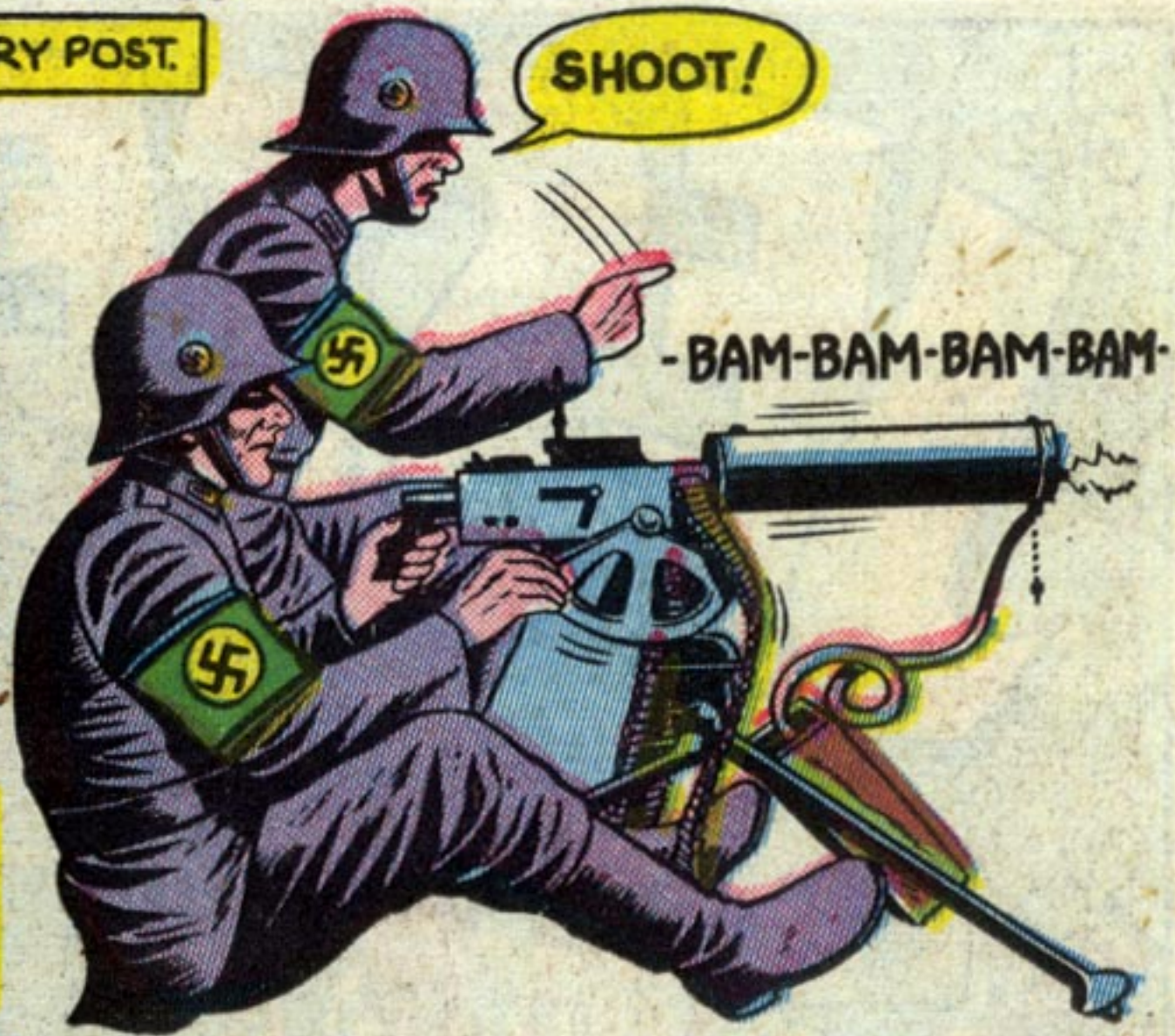
THUD







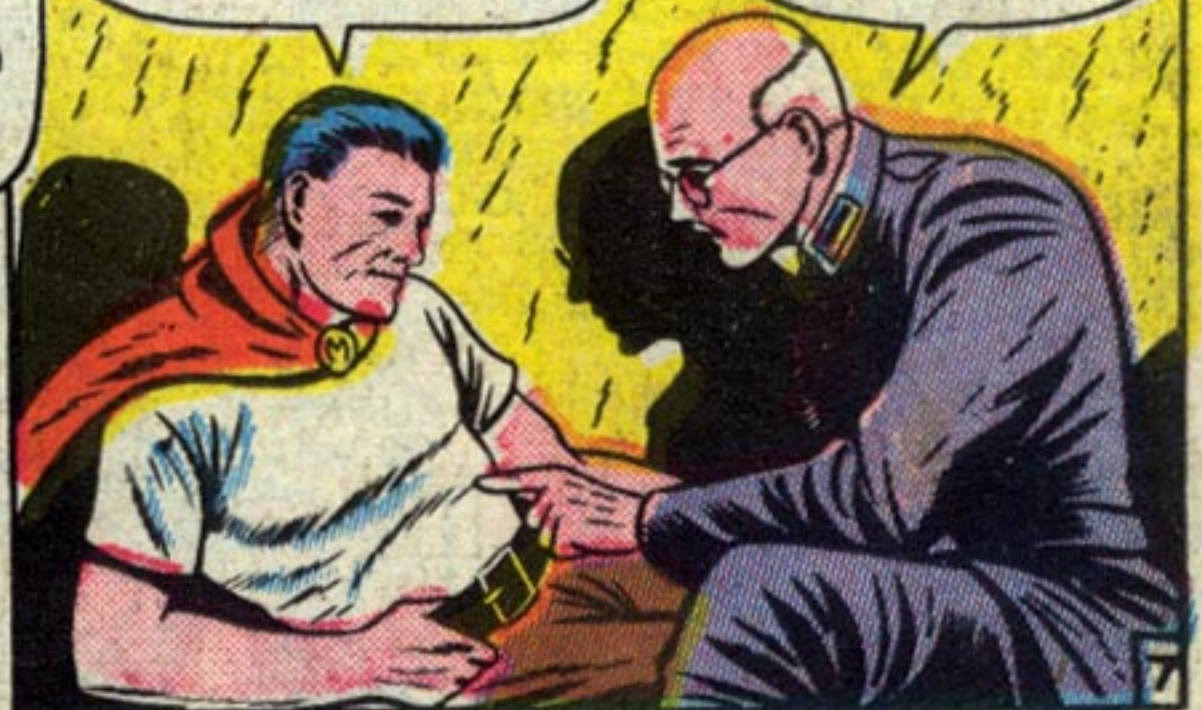
FRAULEIN HALUNKE APPROACHES THE NAZI MILITARY POST.



SO THAT'S WHAT  
THE SHOOTING WAS  
ABOUT! MY SECRET IS  
STILL SAFE THANKS  
TO THEIR RIGID  
CURFEW LAWS AND  
THE NAZI DESIRE TO  
SHOOT SOMEONE,  
EVEN A WOMAN...  
FOR ONCE THEIR  
BRUTALITY HAS  
BACKFIRED ON  
THEM!

VORKA, YOU AND I ARE  
STILL DOING BUSINESS,  
BUT THAT FRAULEIN  
HALUNKE NEARLY WAS  
OUR UNDOING!

YES, MASTER!  
WE MUST NEVER  
LET THE NAZIS  
TRICK US THAT  
WAY AGAIN!



READ THE THRILLING  
STORIES OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND WITH THE  
**THE MARKSMAN** IN **SMASH COMICS**





# The JESTER

NEVER FORGET,  
QUINOPOLIS ... THERE ARE  
MANY SORTS AND SPECIES  
OF PUBLIC ENEMIES, BUT  
THEIR SKULLS ALL  
SOUND THE SAME  
WHEN YOU  
**SMACK**  
THEM!



**ANOTHER  
STRIKING JOKE  
OF THE JESTER!...**

Serious enough when he's **CHUCK LANE**, the young policeman, he becomes a **LAUGHING LARRUPER OF THE LAWLESS** when he dons the motley garb of the **JESTER!** ... Join in his jesting with that sinister stuffed-shirt office-seeker, **J. J. PILBEAM** in this tale of "**RIBBING RACKETEERS**"!

**THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HAS  
TWO IMPORTANT CALLERS ...**

YOU KNOW, COMMISSIONER, THAT **MR. PILBEAM** HERE IS RUNNING FOR **GOVERNOR!** HE'S GOING TO HOLD A RALLY ON THE **WEST SIDE**, THE **HOODLUM BELT**, RULED BY **GIBB GREINER!** AND WE WANT **POLICE PROTECTION!**

YOU THINK  
THERE'S DANGER?  
... THAT'S  
FUNNY  
TO ME!

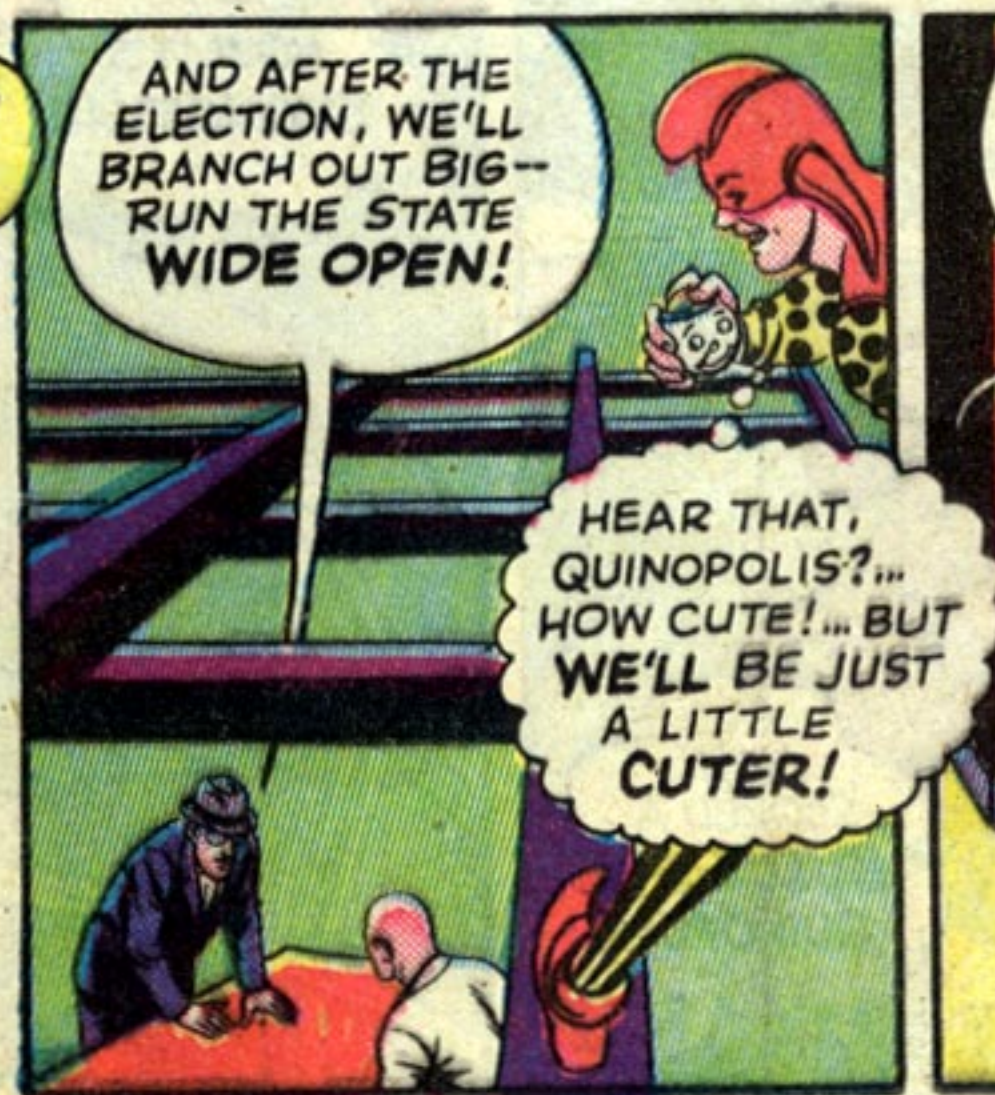
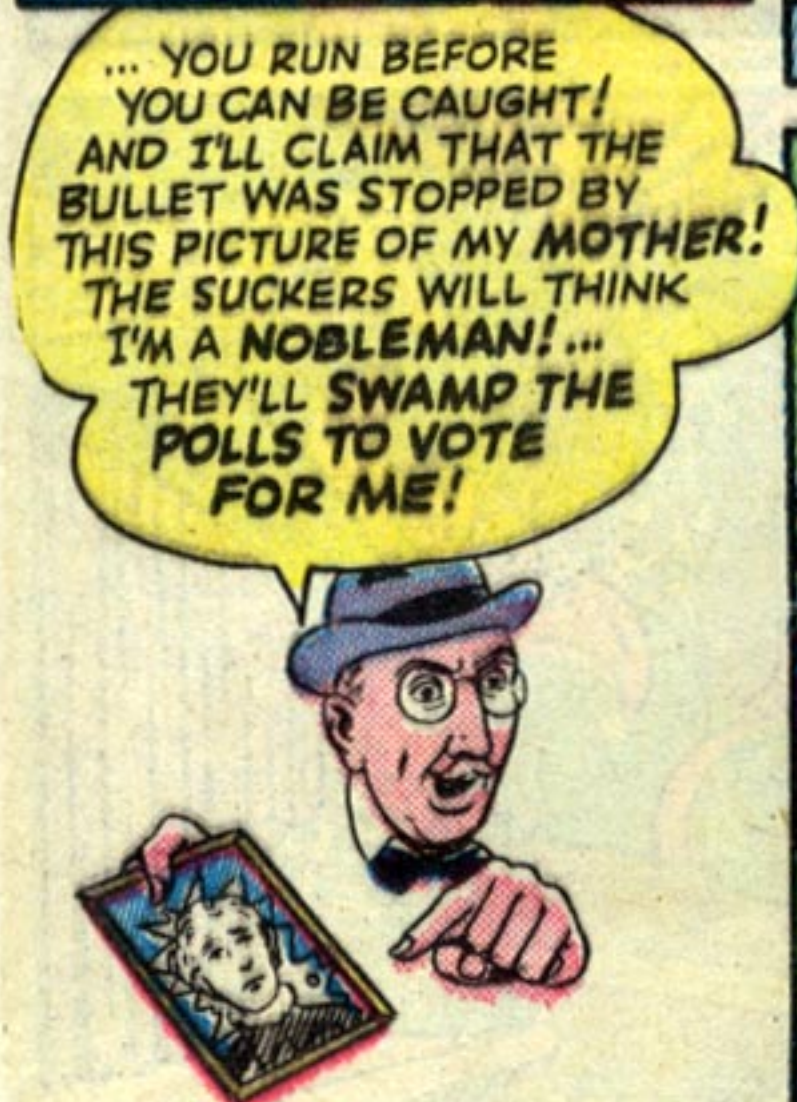
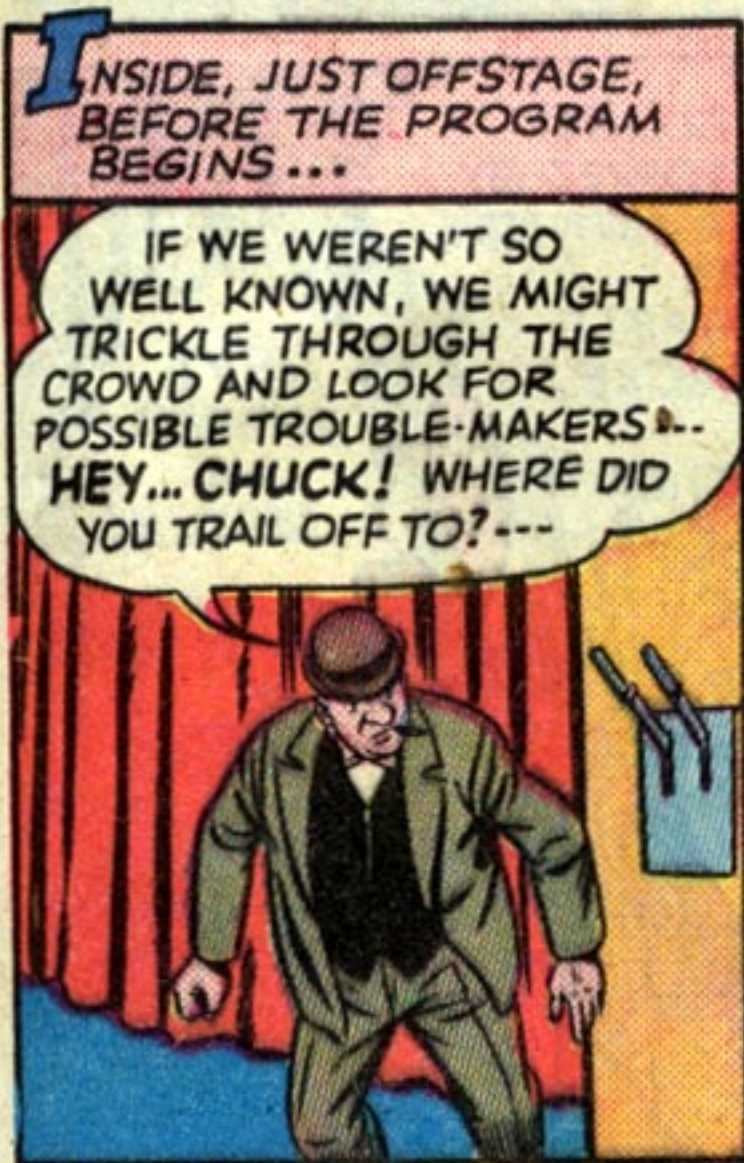
WHEN I'M GOVERNOR,  
YOU'LL REGRET THAT MY  
DANGER SEEMED "FUNNY,"  
SIR! I HAVE A **RIGHT**  
TO DEMAND PROPER  
**POLICE**  
COOPERATION!

VERY WELL,  
SIR! ... I'LL  
COOPERATE!

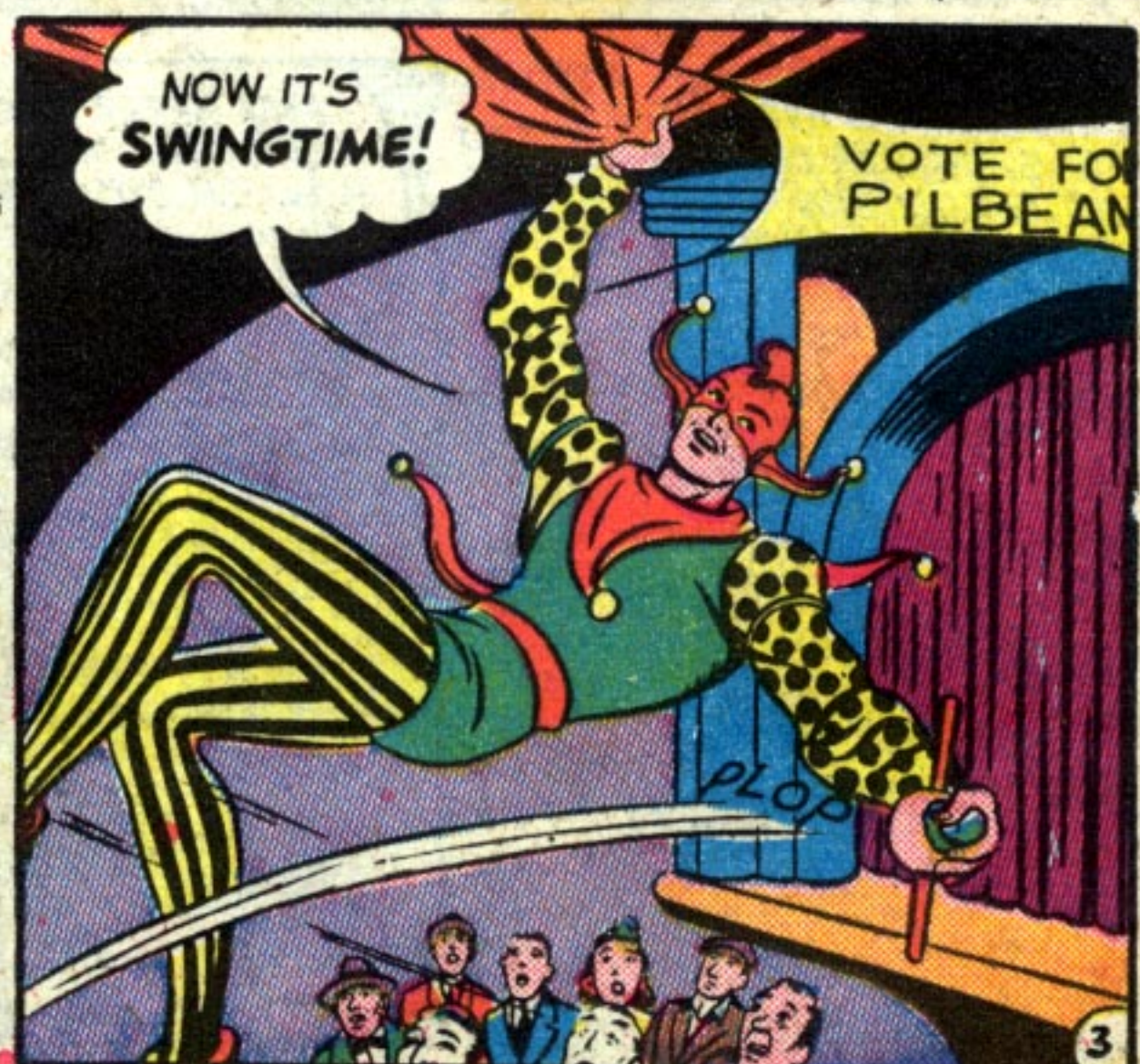
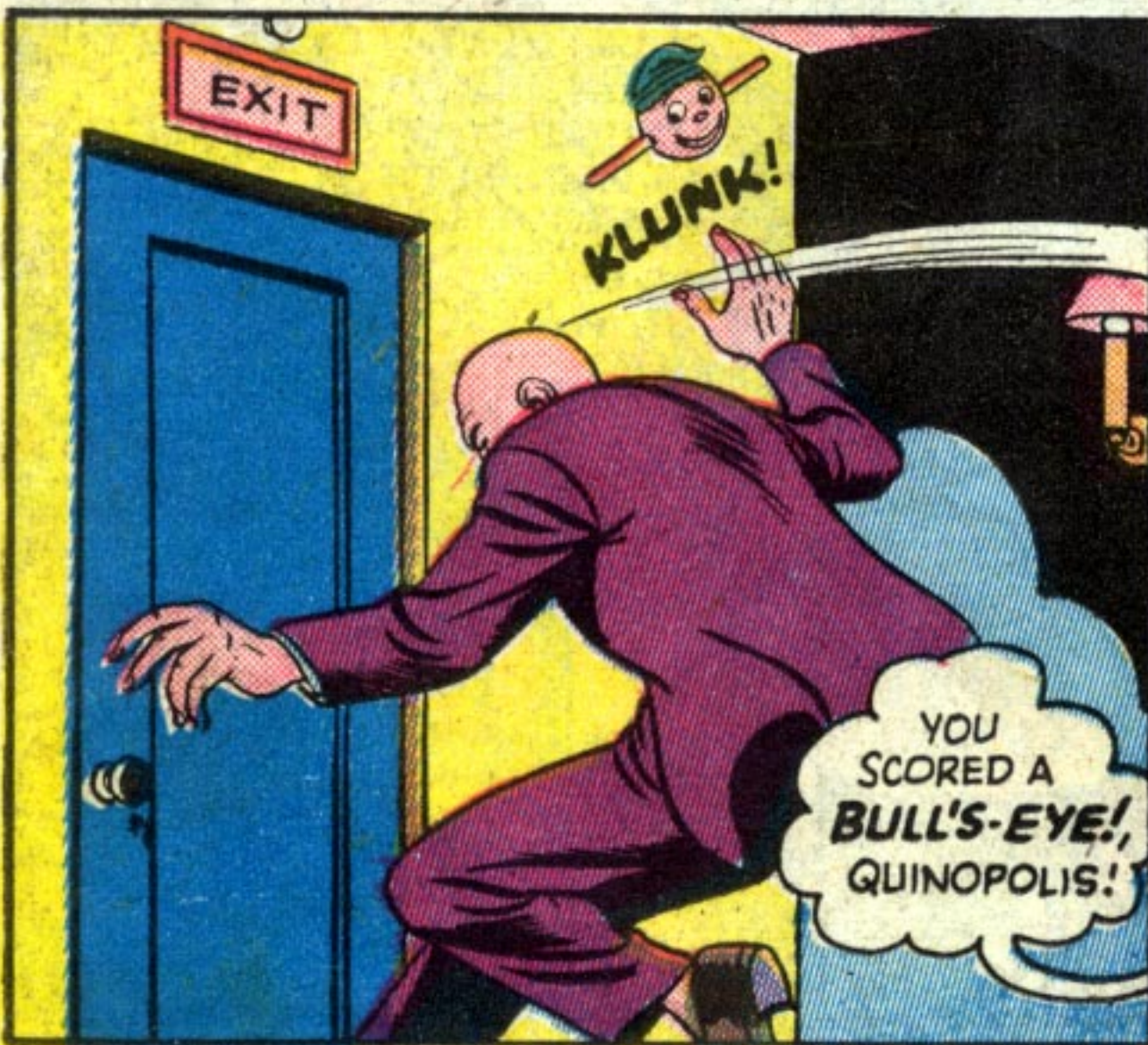
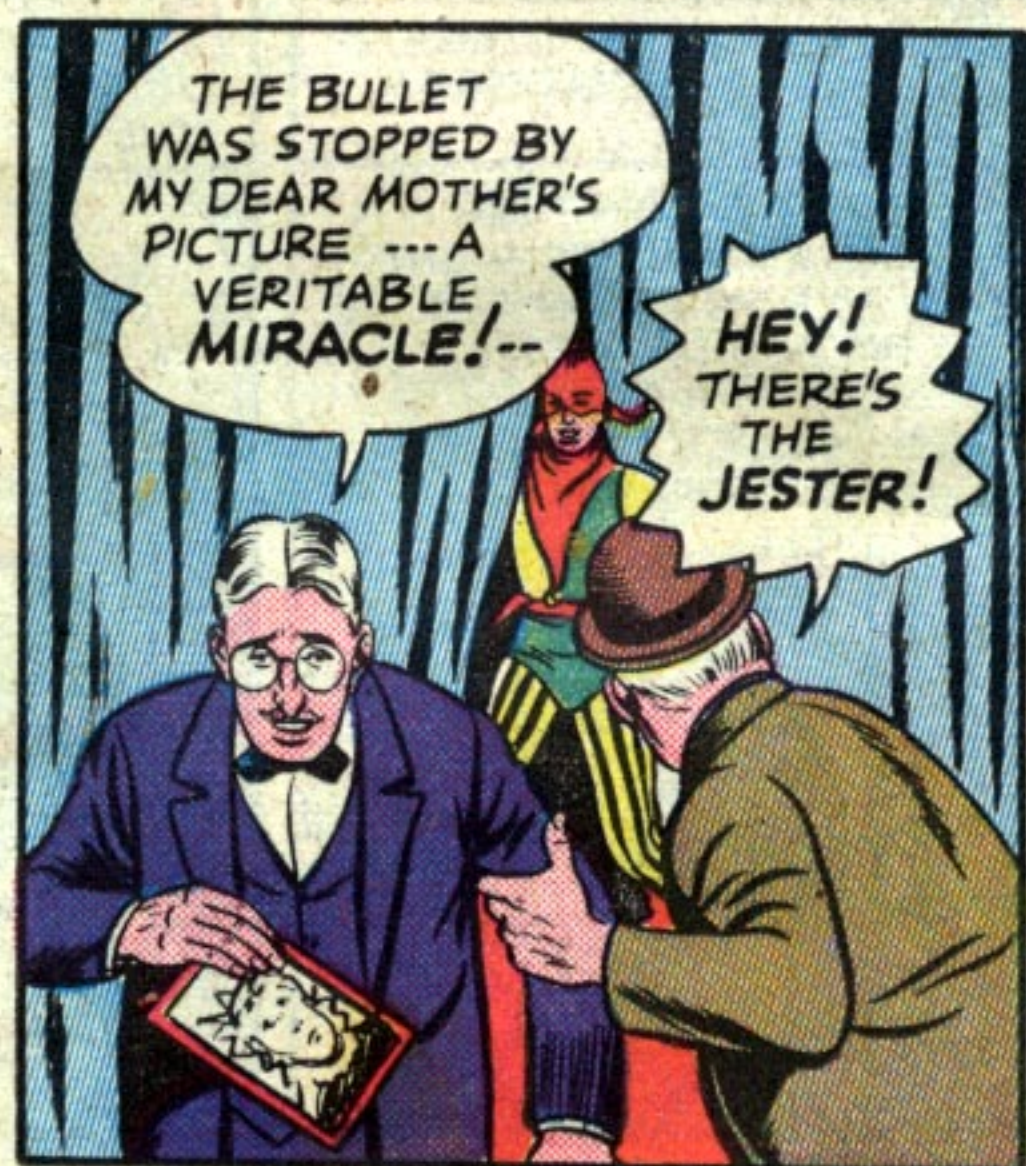
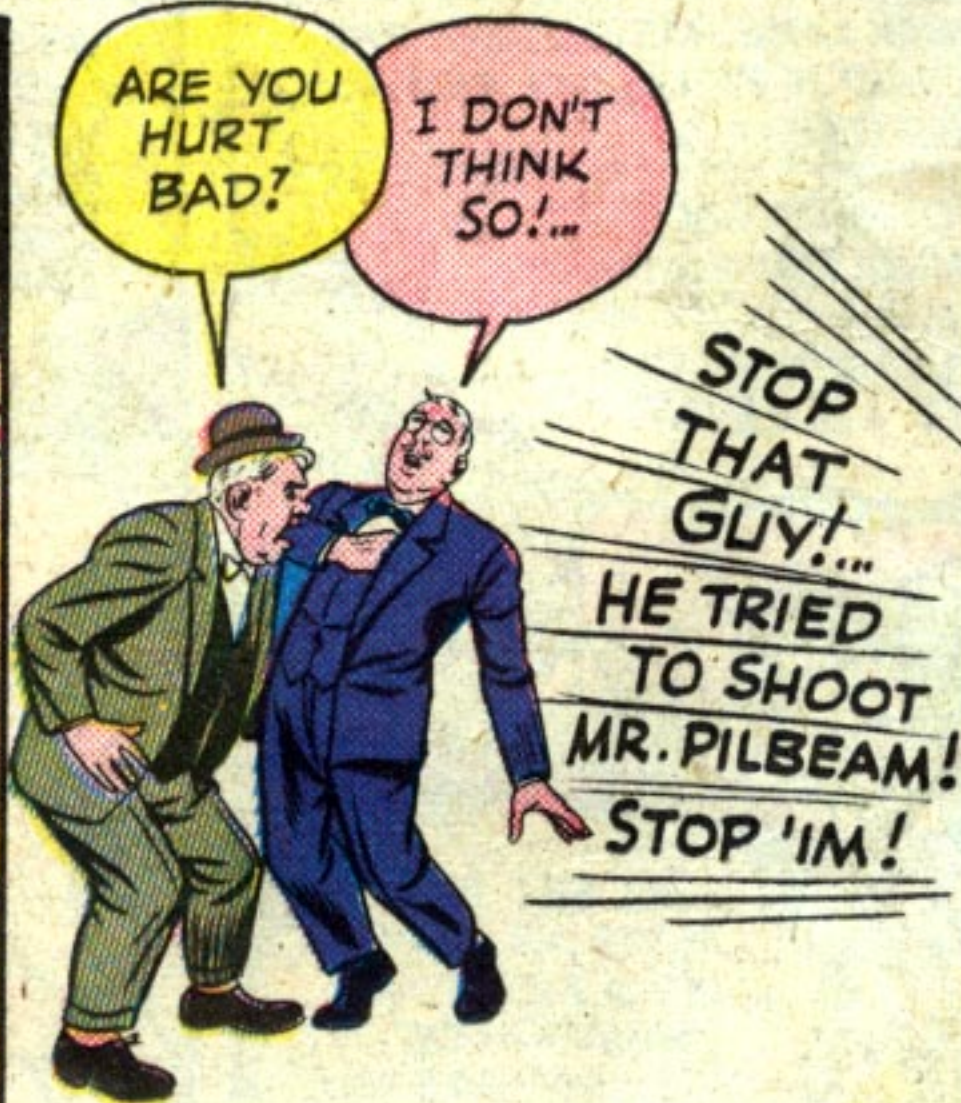
**DETECTIVE MCGINTY!**  
**PATROLMAN LANE!** ...  
YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO  
**SIT ON THE**  
**PLATFORM** AT **MR.**  
**PILBEAM'S RALLY**  
**TONIGHT!**













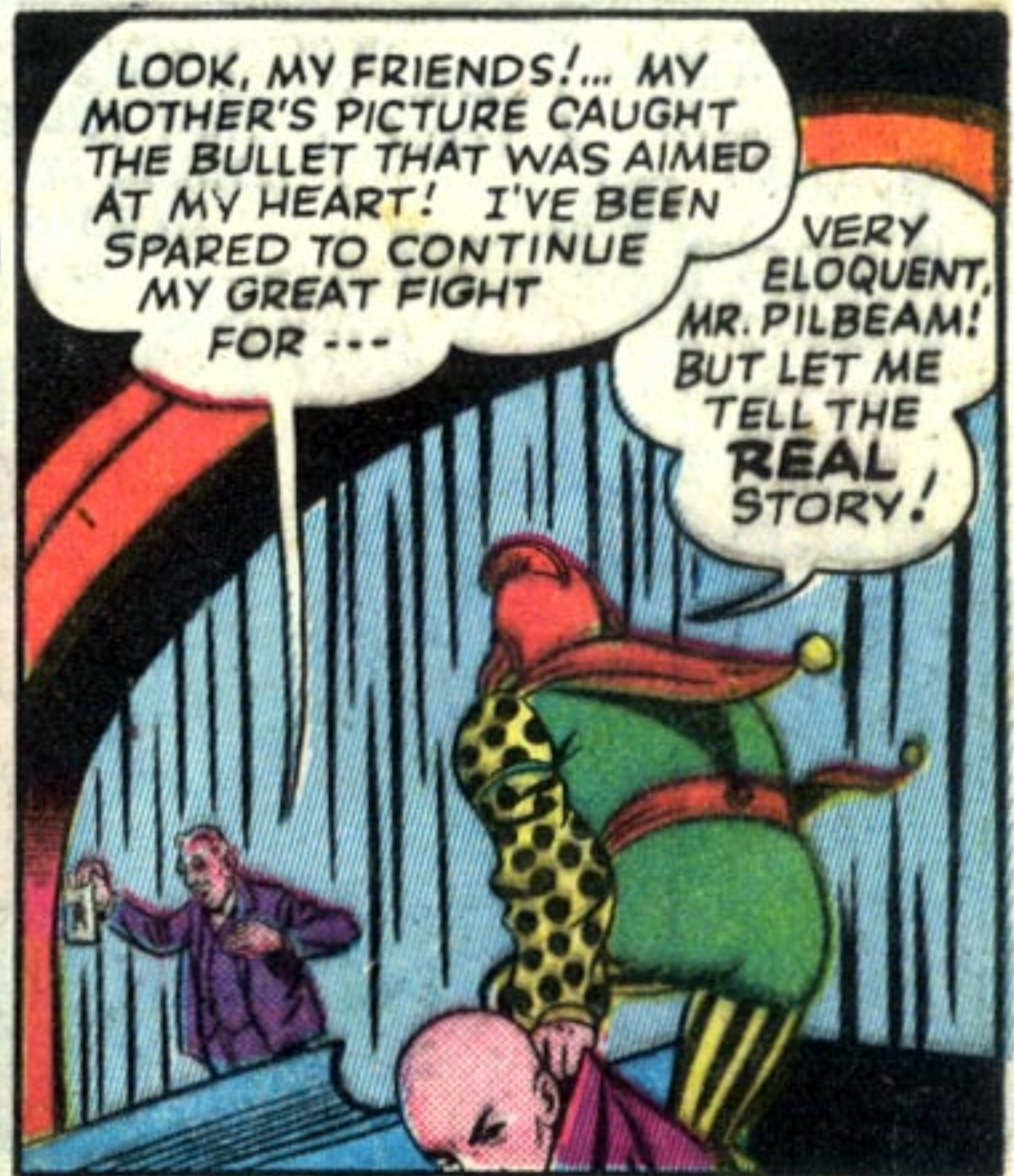


I KNOW THIS GUN IS HARMLESS, BUT I WANT IT FOR EVIDENCE!



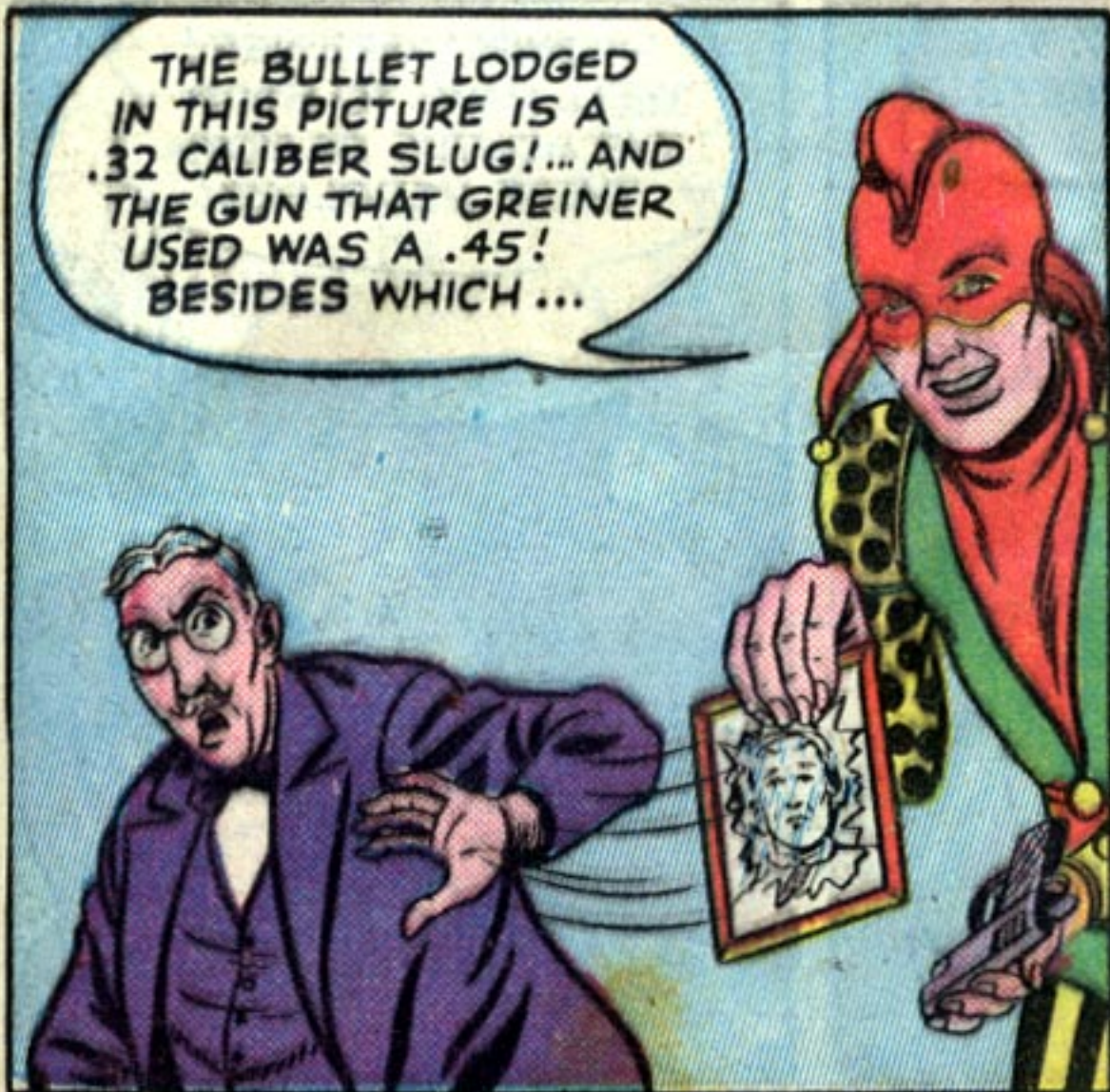
BACK TO YOUR SEATS! ... THAT'S THE JESTER!

HE CAUGHT THE KILLER!



LOOK, MY FRIENDS! ... MY MOTHER'S PICTURE CAUGHT THE BULLET THAT WAS AIMED AT MY HEART! I'VE BEEN SPARED TO CONTINUE MY GREAT FIGHT FOR ---

VERY ELOQUENT, MR. PILBEAM! BUT LET ME TELL THE REAL STORY!



THE BULLET LODGED IN THIS PICTURE IS A .32 CALIBER SLUG! ... AND THE GUN THAT GREINER USED WAS A .45! BESIDES WHICH ...

HE HAD ONLY **BLANK CARTRIDGES!** IT WAS ALL STAGED TO FOOL YOU VOTERS! ... PILBEAM IS REALLY A RACKET PARTNER!

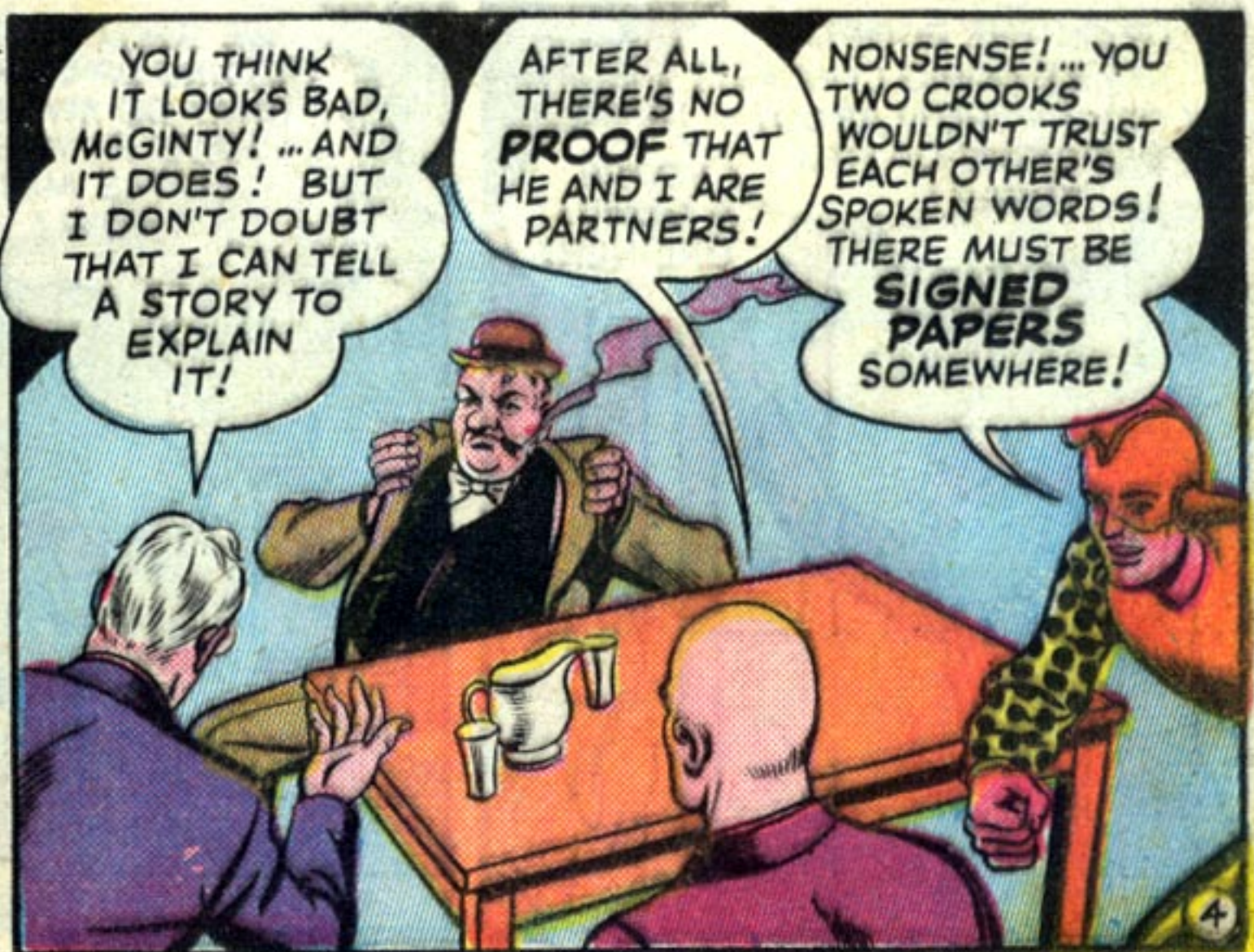


BOO! ... LET'S TAR AND FEATHER THAT BIG PHONEY!



TAKE IT EASY, FRIENDS! ... LET ME HANDLE THIS! IT'S STILL GOOD FOR A LAUGH OR TWO!

SURE JESTER! ... TAKE OVER!

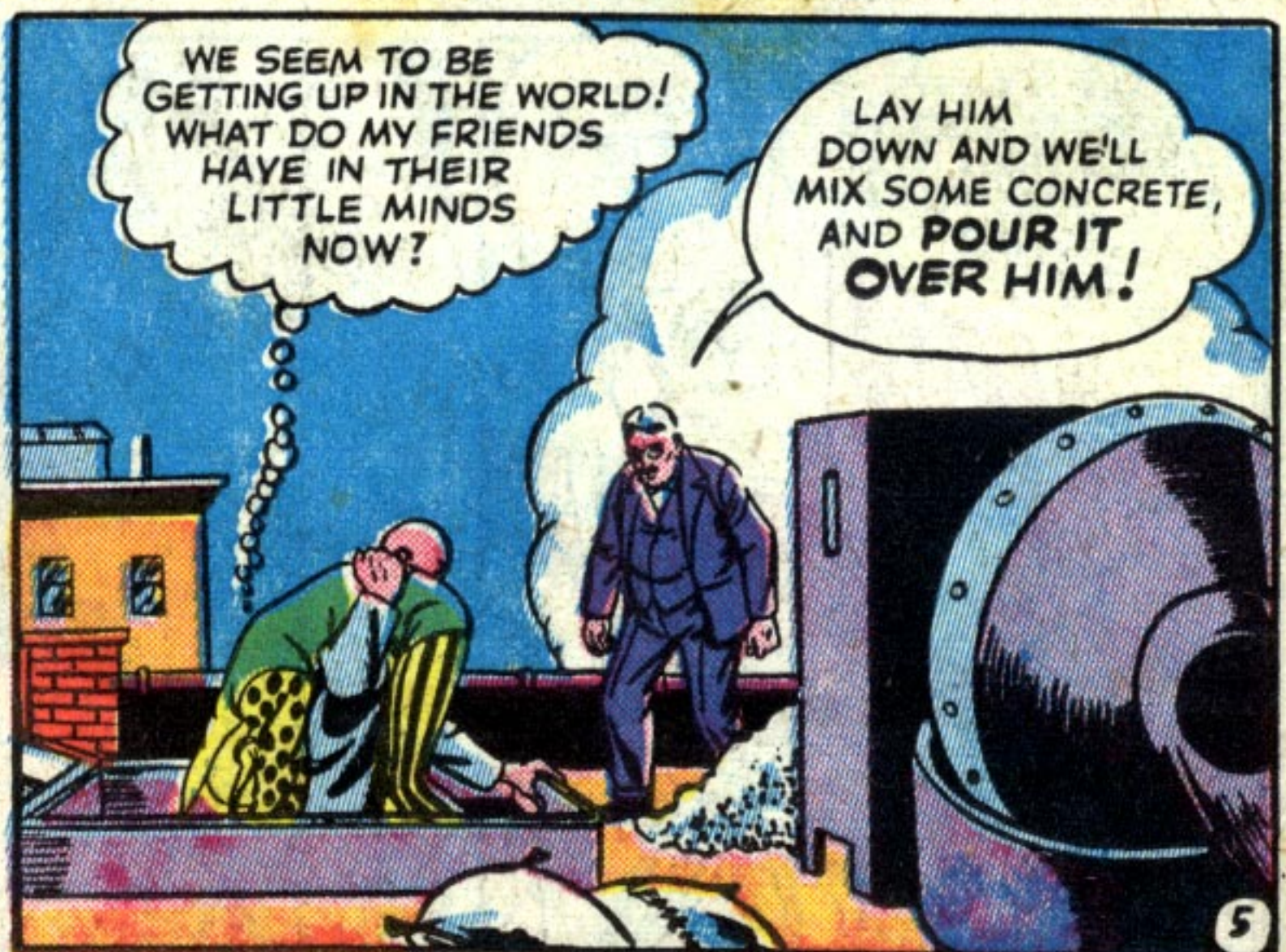


YOU THINK IT LOOKS BAD, MCGINTY! ... AND IT DOES! BUT I DON'T DOUBT THAT I CAN TELL A STORY TO EXPLAIN IT!

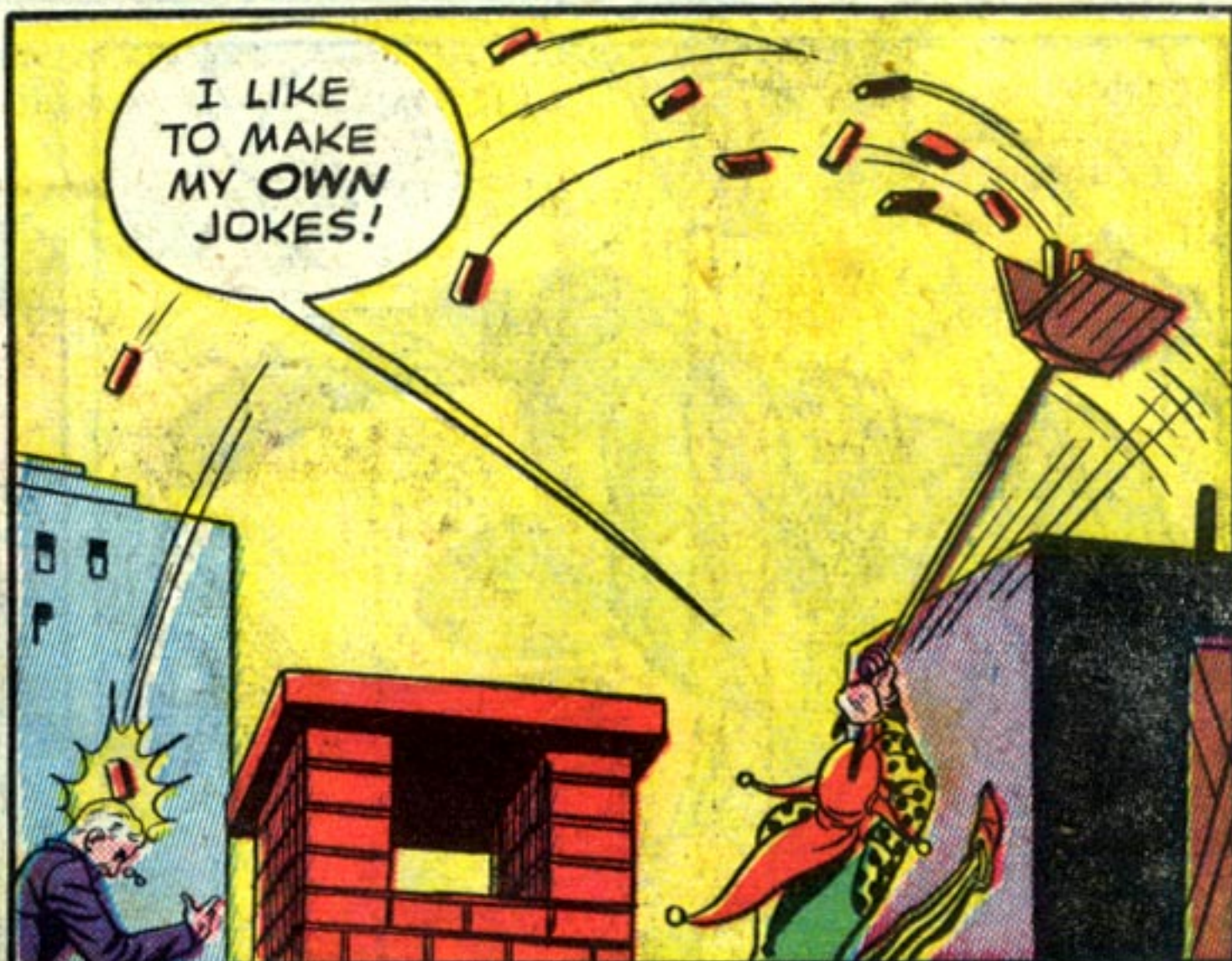
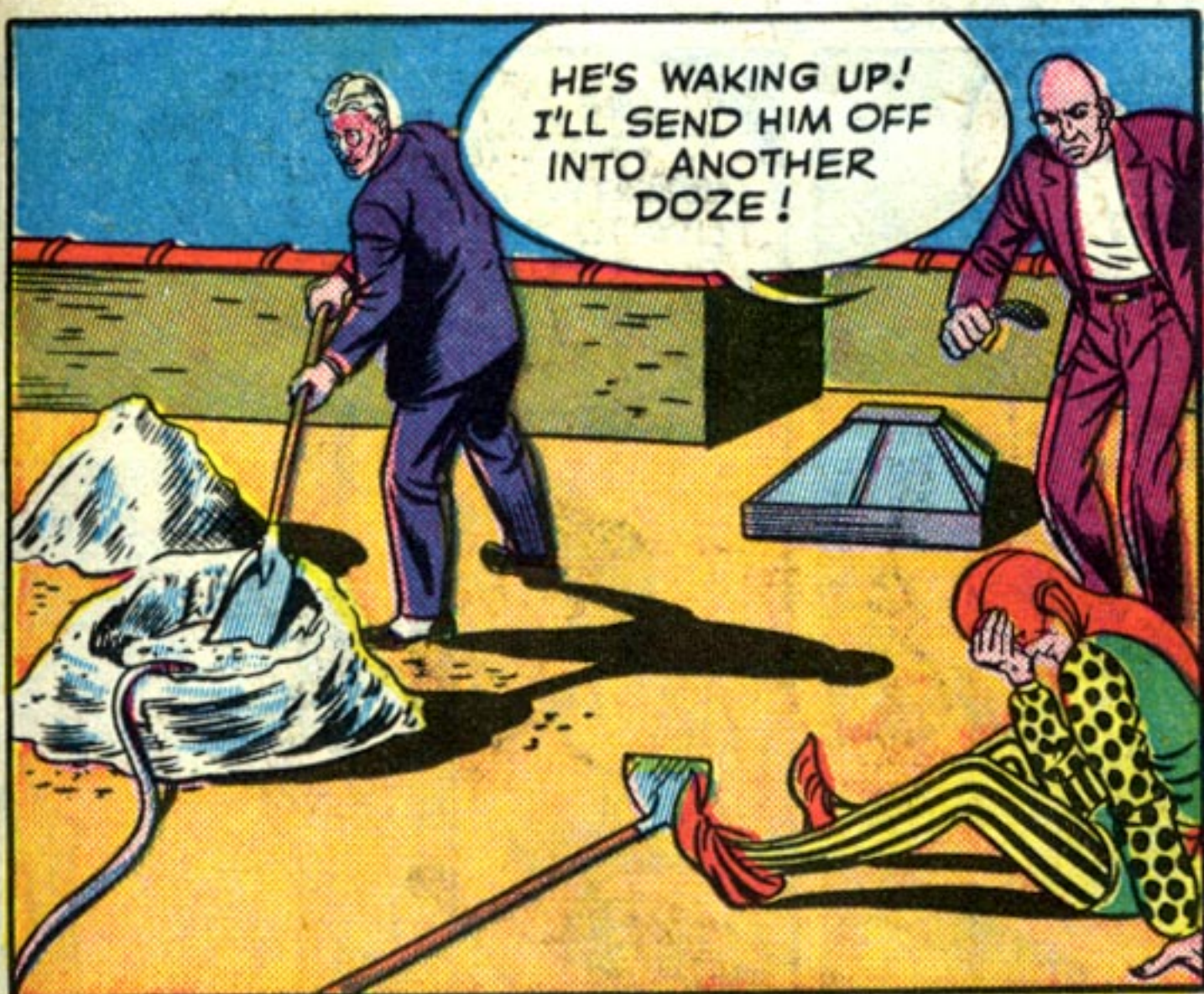
AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO **PROOF** THAT HE AND I ARE PARTNERS!

NONSENSE! ... YOU TWO CROOKS WOULDN'T TRUST EACH OTHER'S SPOKEN WORDS! THERE MUST BE **SIGNED PAPERS** SOMEWHERE!







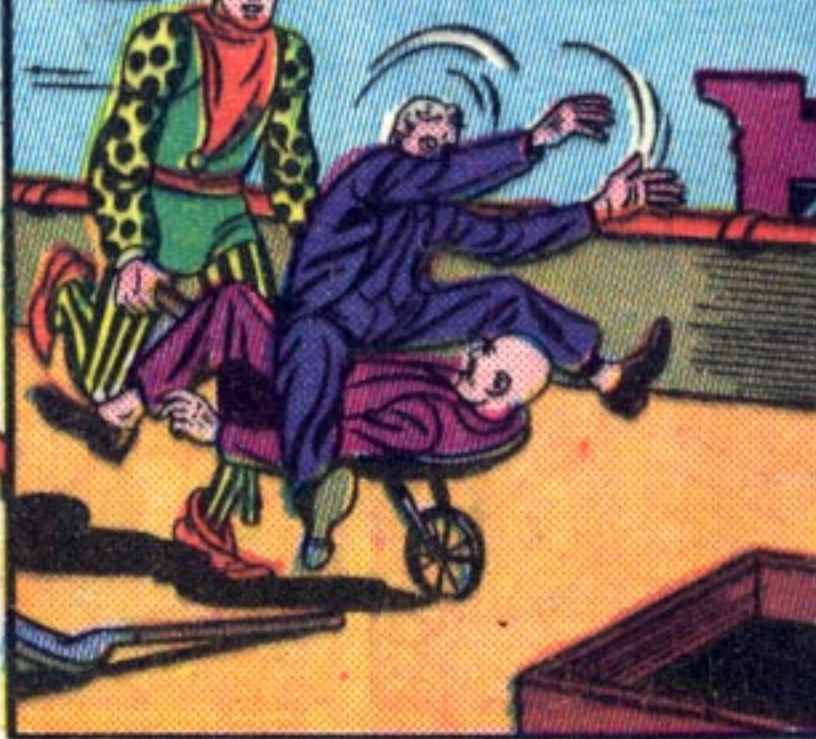




WONDERFUL INVENTION, THE WHEEL-BARROW! ...TEACHES PEOPLE TO WALK ON THEIR HIND LEGS! BUT PILBEAM LOOKS AS IF HE'S THROUGH WALKING ...



--SO MAYBE HE'D LIKE A LITTLE RIDE!



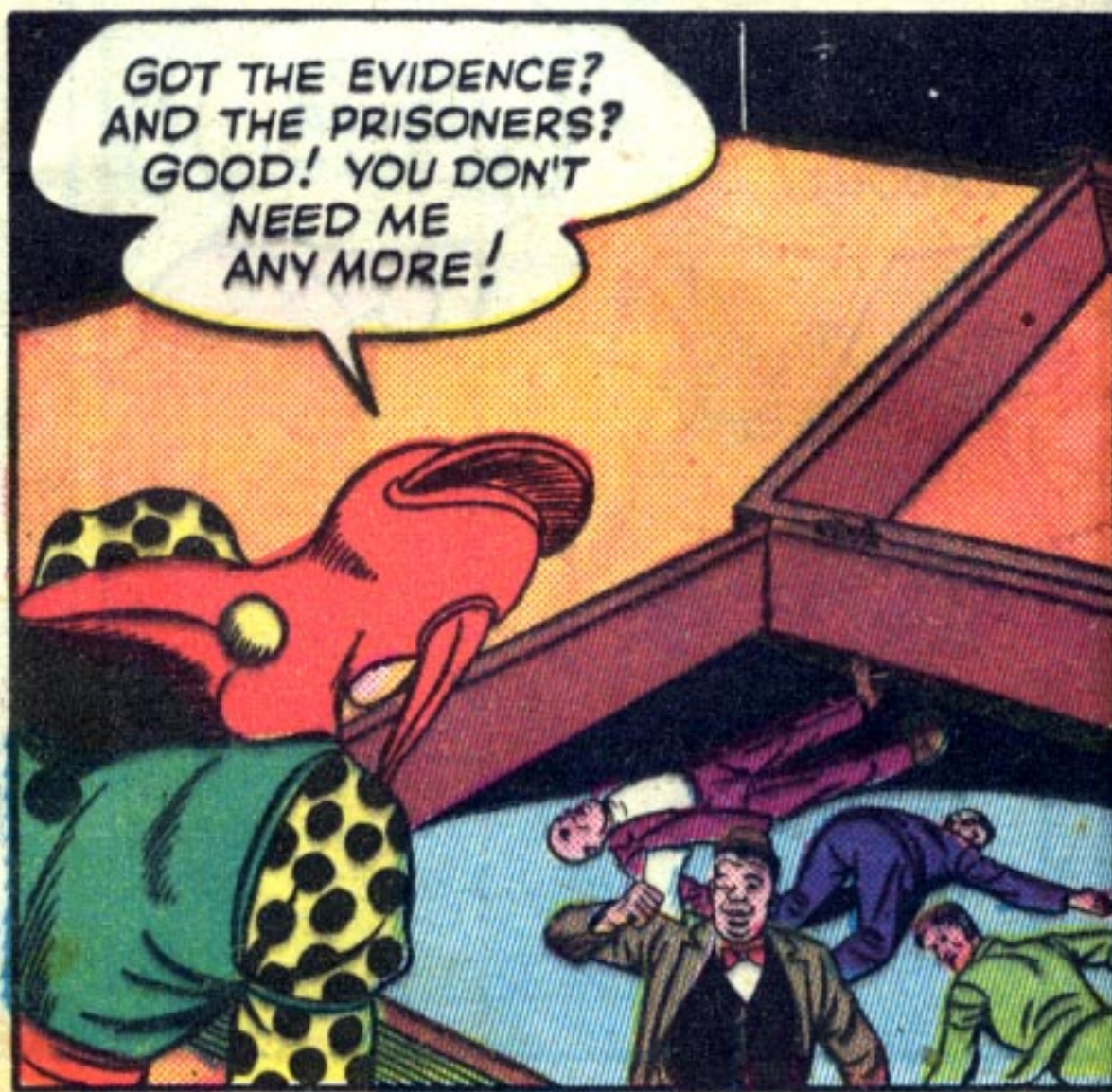
SURE ... I HAD PAPERS TO PROVE THE GANG TIE-UP, MCGINTY! ... ONLY YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY! I'LL PLUG YOU AND HANG THE KILLING SOMEWHERE ELSE ---



JUST IN TIME, MCGINTY!



GOT THE EVIDENCE? AND THE PRISONERS? GOOD! YOU DON'T NEED ME ANY MORE!



**Q**UICKLY, THE JESTER CHANGES BACK INTO UNIFORM AS CHUCK LANE! ...

WHERE YOU BEEN, CHUCK? ... I JUST BROKE OPEN A BIG SCANDAL -- TIE-UP BETWEEN THE GREINER GANG AND PILBEAM --- WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE JESTER!



CHUCK, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU THAT REMINDS ME OF THE JESTER!

TELL HIM THAT! HE'S SO HAPPY-NATURED THAT HE'LL LAUGH AT THE SILLIEST OF JOKES!



**J**AIL FOR CROOKS MAKES A CHUCKLE FOR THE JESTER! ... FOLLOW HIS CAREER OF FUN AND FIST-FIGHTING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS!!

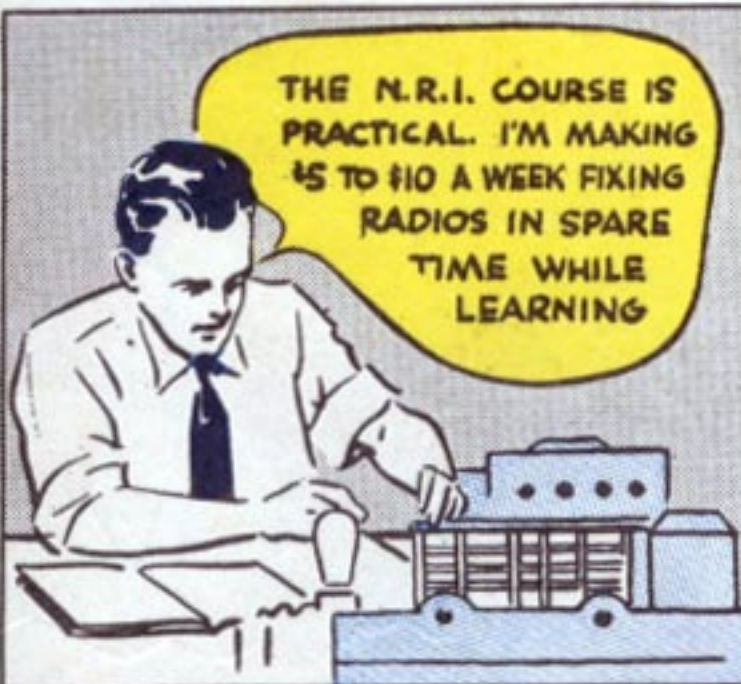


**YES-** RADIO MEN  
ARE MAKING GOOD MONEY  
NOW AND HAVE A BRIGHT  
FUTURE. I'M GOING  
TO START LEARNING  
RADIO RIGHT NOW!



**NO-** NOT ME.  
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE  
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS  
JUST A MATTER OF  
LUCK AND I WASN'T  
BORN LUCKY.

BILL SAID  
**"YES"**  
HE'S MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
IN RADIO  
NOW



THE N.R.I. COURSE IS  
PRACTICAL. I'M MAKING  
\$5 TO \$10 A WEEK FIXING  
RADIOS IN SPARE  
TIME WHILE  
LEARNING

YOU CERTAINLY  
KNOW RADIO.  
MINE NEVER  
SOUNDED  
BETTER..



I'M A FULL TIME  
RADIO TECHNICIAN  
NOW. N.R.I. HELPS  
A FELLOW JUMP  
HIS PAY

THANKS

BILL, I'M  
SO PROUD OF  
YOU. YOU'VE  
WON SUCCESS  
SO FAST  
IN RADIO



YES! I'M MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
THANKS TO N.R.I.  
AND WE HAVE A  
BRIGHT FUTURE

TOM SAID  
**"NO"**  
HE'S STILL  
WAITING  
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE  
HIS TIME STUDYING  
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --  
SAME SKINNY PAY  
ENVELOPE -- I'M  
JUST WHERE I  
WAS FIVE YEARS  
AGO



GUESS I'M A  
FAILURE --  
LOOKS LIKE  
I'LL NEVER  
GET ANYWHERE

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE  
A FAILURE, TOM,  
UNLESS YOU DO SOME-  
THING ABOUT IT.  
WISHING AND WAITING  
WON'T GET YOU  
ANYWHERE



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Established 28 Years

## BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN--More Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before --I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy war-time field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time.

### Big Shortage of Radio Technicians, Operators

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other communications branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. Radio factories, now working on Government orders for radio equipment, employ trained men. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! This is the sort of opportunity you shouldn't pass up.

### Many Beginners Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

There's probably an opportunity right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time fixing Radios. I'll give you the training that has started hundreds of N.R.I. students making \$5, \$10 a week

extra within a few months after enrolling. The N.R.I. Course isn't something just prepared to take advantage of the present market for technical books and courses. It has been tried, tested, perfected during the 28 years we have been teaching Radio.

### Mail Coupon Now--Get 64-Page Book Free Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON NOW for my FREE 64-page book. It tells how N.R.I. trains you at home; shows you letters and photographs of men I trained; describes the many fascinating jobs Radio offers. No obligation--no salesman will call. Just MAIL THE COUPON AT ONCE in an envelope, or paste on a penny postcard--J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MA3, National Radio Institute, Washington - 9, D. C.

### Training Men for Vital Radio Jobs

THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS  
HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MA3  
National Radio Institute, Washington - 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



### EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, TOO



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, much higher pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Over 1,700 Service men enrolled.





# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Plenty of noise—plenty of fun—with this BIG gun; operates on a swivel or dismounted, like army guns. Sell only one order Xmas packs.

**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**—Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 mysterious Chemistry exhibitions. Sell only one order.



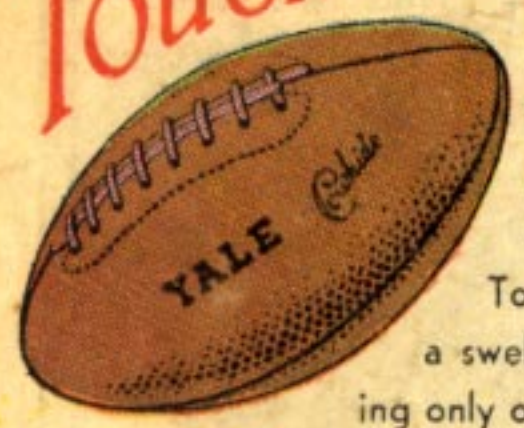
**CANDID-TYPE CAMERA GIVEN**—This fine Camera takes 16 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell only one order.



**U.S. ARMY OUTFIT**

A snappy officer's belt and cap outfit with an automatic-type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order.

## Touchdown!



**GENUINE LEATHER FOOTBALL**—Official size. Tough, sturdy—a swell prize for selling only one order.



**GIVEN!**  
BOYS! Here's that Set you've wanted. "Texan" type pistol in jeweled holster, leather belt, kerchief and lariat—ALL for selling only one order.



## Say it with Music!

Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order.



**GIVEN 5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS**—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.

## Pretty 5 Piece Dresser Set

Full size comb, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.



**PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET**—Exactly like regular airplane cockpit—every instrument moves. Gunsight and cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.



**FREE** Secret bombsight game, with this wonderful prize.

## OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

given as explained in our BIG PRIZE SHEET

- Electric Football Game
- War Games
- Army Suit
- "Old Spice" Toilet Kit
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Full-size Violin
- Perfume Lamps
- Ice Skates
- Boxing Gloves
- Other prizes for boys and girls and gifts for Mother, too.

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. All prizes shown above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-5, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. S-5, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_